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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Lafayett*

The Countess of Shaftesbury

A great friend of the Princess of Wales, who will accompany Her Royal Highness to India

No. 96.—Vol. VIII

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.

THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock programme is entirely different from that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.

Prices: Boxes, £2 2*s*., £1 11*s*. 6*d*., and £1 1*s*.; Fauteuils, 10/6 and 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6*d*. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

BOOKS RECEIVED

GENERAL LITERATURE

"John Chinaman at Home." By E. J. Hardy. (Fisher Unwin: 10*s*. 6*d*. net.)

"Old Time Aldwych and Kingway." By Charles Gordon. Cheap edition. (Fisher Unwin: 7*s*. 6*d*. net.)

"The Beautiful Birthday Book." With illustrations in colour. (A. and C. Black: 7*s*. 6*d*. net.)

"Old Oak Furniture." By Fred. Roe. (Methuen: 10*s*. 6*d*. net.)

"Wild Fowl." (Longman's Fur, Fin, and Feather Series: 5*s*.)

"The Model Kitchen." By Lucy H. Yates. (Longmans: 2*s*.)

"The Green Sphinx." By Bart Kennedy. (Methuen: 3*s*. 6*d*. net.)

"History of the Playgoers' Club." By B. W. Findon.

"Every-day Life Among the Head Hunters." By Dorothy Cator. (Longmans: 5*s*. net.)

"Swinburne's Tragedies." Vol. II. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s*. net.)

"Henrietta Temple" and "The Young Duke." By the Earl of Beaconsfield. (John Lane, Bodley Head: 3*s*. 6*d*. each.)

FICTION

"A House Divided." By E. M. Jameson. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s*.)

"The Journeys of Antonia." By Christian Dundas. (Fisher Unwin: 6*s*.)

"The Last Chance." By Rolf Boldrewood. (Macm

"The Toll of the Bush." By William Satchell. (Macmillan: 6*s*.)

"In Desert Keeping." By Edmund Mitchell. (Alston Rivers: 6*s*.)

"Lieutenant Gullivar Jones." By Edwin L. Arnold. (S. C. Brown, Langham and Co., Ltd.: 6*s*.)

"The Lady Navigators." By Edward Noble. (S. C. Brown, Langham and Co., Ltd.: 6*s*.)

"The Buried Ring." By Amy Le Feuvre. (Hodder and Stoughton: 2*s*.)

"Ayesha." By H. Rider Haggard. (Ward, Lock: 6*s*.)

"The Waters of Destruction." By A. Perrin. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s*.)

"The Coming of the Tide." By Margaret Sherwood. (Constable: 6*s*.)

"A Pillar of Dust." By Frances Campbell. (Arrowsmith's, Bristol; Simpkins, London: 6*s*.)

THE BYSTANDER

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental ... Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE ... BACK NUMBERS "BYSTANDER" ... are as follo ... from 1d. per copy, ... would be ... to

Random Jottings

Now that the occupation of the New War Office has been fixed for February next, a noticeable melancholy is to be observed—writes our military expert—among the older officials. It is feared that some of them have become so habituated to the old Pall Mall buildings—the scene of their triumphs—that they are likely to stray there absent-mindedly even after the change of offices has been effected. To prevent them from setting there, pen in hand, under the impression that they are at work, it is not unlikely that a call-boy will have to be appointed for a year or two, to bring them over to the new buildings and show them where they are to sit and think out the problems connected with the defence of the Empire.

. . . . .

By crossing native plants with hardier ones, a strawberry grower of New Jersey has obtained a plant which bears perennial strawberries. Dairymen have since been asking why they should not be allowed an equal latitude in crossing milk with other components, as they have no doubt that in that case they could obtain a can which would produce perennial cream.

. . . . .

Most people, we imagine, will endorse the statement of the Chief Inspector of Public Elementary Schools to the effect that children between the ages of three and five get practically no intellectual advantage from school instruction. The utmost teacher can impress upon them is the advantage of drying their thumbs after sucking them, and very little intellectual effort is, of course, involved in learning this lesson.

. . . . .

Literary circles have been a good deal excited by the offer made to the Editor of the *Matin* by a contributor. It will be remembered that this gentleman has offered to commit suicide if the Editor will first print some articles of his. We understand that a league of critics is now being formed for the purpose of bringing out a magazine which, in the interests of literature, will print the articles of one or two of our leading novelists on similar terms.

. . . . .

A lady missionary in the hinterland of the Niger has written home to say that she cannot translate the "Glory Song" into the Ibo dialect, as there is no [illegible] language for Glory. However, the Ibos are not su[illegible] realise what they are los[illegible] tunate state of affairs.

Everyone knows that variety is the spice of life, but that "the practice of exchanging husbands is somewhat common in Sheffield" will come as a surprise to many. The fact was stated before a magistrate last week in a case where the exchange had led to some trouble. One would imagine, somehow, that the practice would lead to trouble as a general rule. No doubt it has some advantages. The husband who likes variety in his cooking might get it by going home to a different wife to dinner, and he might at the same time get a change of conversation, which would be helpful. But for the domestic-minded husband, it must be rather trying to sit down every day with a stranger of uncertain temper, and, possibly, expensive habits. The other person's children, too, might not like him, and might be unwilling to meet the wishes of a temporary parent. We will not enter into the question of a new mother-in-law three or four times a week; and only trust that, if this is the practice of Sheffield, it is at least confined to that town, and is not a spreading fashion.

[illegible] cently witnessed in the West End!!!

The Fashionable Smile

Chloe smiled. It was a rich, full smile, and, as I had just been guilty of the remark that, when a man wants to catch a train at 10 o'clock, it is a nuisance to find no breakfast ready at 10.5, I did not understand it. Chloe is usually penitent on these occasions, or, at any rate, hurt.

"I confess I see nothing to laugh at," I said.

"I'm not laughing," said Chloe. Her smile had, if anything, increased, but the timbre of her voice suggested pathos.

"Not?" I said.

"No. I'm smiling," said Chloe.

"So it seems," I said drily.

It was not until later in the day that I understood. We were dining at the Watkyn-Maude's, and Chloe smiled all the way there in a cab, though she had said that she hated going. She even smiled when the cabman, who was undoubtedly intoxicated, offered to fight me because I overpaid him a shilling. Mere levity like this annoys me, and I complained to Watkyn-Maude. Singularly enough, Watkyn-Maude, who is dulness itself as a rule, sympathised.

"Ethel's just as bad," he said. "I don't know what's the matter with her. Had a beastly day in the House, and told her we'd probably have to sell the Panhard if things went on like this. She smiled. I told her it didn't suit her, and she went on smiling."

I tried to cheer Watkyn-Maude by saying how delightful it was to have a wife who took misfortunes bravely, but he said there was a time for everything, and, personally, he saw nothing amusing in the prospect of being hammered. When we went into the drawing-room, I saw Chloe watching Mrs. Watkyn-Maude. Mrs. W.-M. is rather in the Lady Macbeth style. She has a large mouth. She cannot keep it shut when she smiles. It was open the whole evening, even when she lost at Bridge. I was glad that I was not Watkyn-Maude, for, though Chloe smiled just as much, Chloe has a reasonable sized mouth. Besides, Chloe had won. The last thing I remember about Mrs. Watkyn-Maude was her smile as I said good-night. It made me thoughtful on the way home. Chloe, it seemed, was also in a reflective mood.

"Do I look like that?" she asked at length.

"Like what?"

"Like Ethel," said Chloe, "when she smiles?"

"Not unlike," I conceded.

There was the distinct sound of a shudder in the cab as I made this admission.

"I shall give it up then," said Chloe.

"Give up what?" I said irritably.

"I shouldn't care," she continued in the most exasperating manner, "to run the risk of looking like Ethel. Poor George!" (George is Watkyn-Maude's Christian name.) "However, I suppose it doesn't suit everybody."

"Will you," I shouted, in desperation, "tell me what on earth you're driving at? *What* are you going to give up? *What* doesn't suit everybody?"

Chloe laid her hand upon my arm. The eternal smile had gone for the first time that evening.

"Why, smiling!" she said. "Haven't you read about it. It's in all the papers that smiling is to be fashionable this season. That's why I've been practising it. But I'm going to give it up."

I have tried to think it was my righteous anger that terrified Chloe into giving up smiling. Alas! my manly pride was soon shattered, for the first thing Chloe said next morning, at the breakfast table, was, "Fancy looking like poor Ethel!"

"All of a Twist"

(With profound apologies to Mr. Tree)

To W. T. Stead

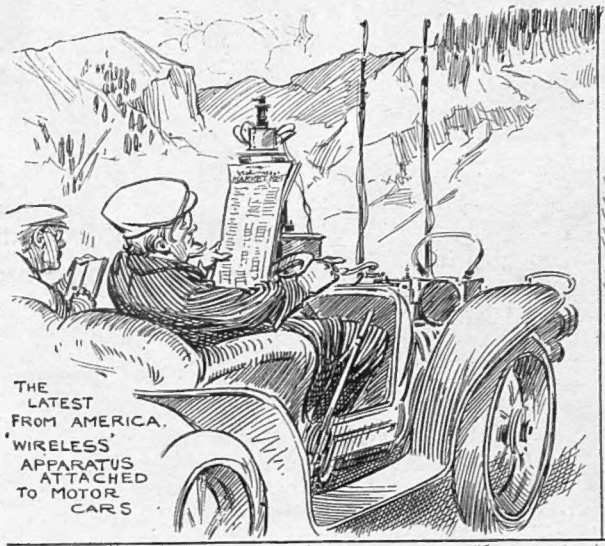
["*A telegram to the* PETIT PARISIEN *from its St. Petersburg correspondent states that Mr. W. T. Stead has been authorised to organise public meetings to discuss political questions of the day.*" —EXTRACT FROM DAILY PAPERS.]

Oh, Willie! we shall miss you,
Now you've gone to boss the Tsar,
And explain to simple Moujiks
What their privileges are.
While you tell them of the Duma,
And how they ought to vote;
Look out! And mind you always wear
A bombproof overcoat!

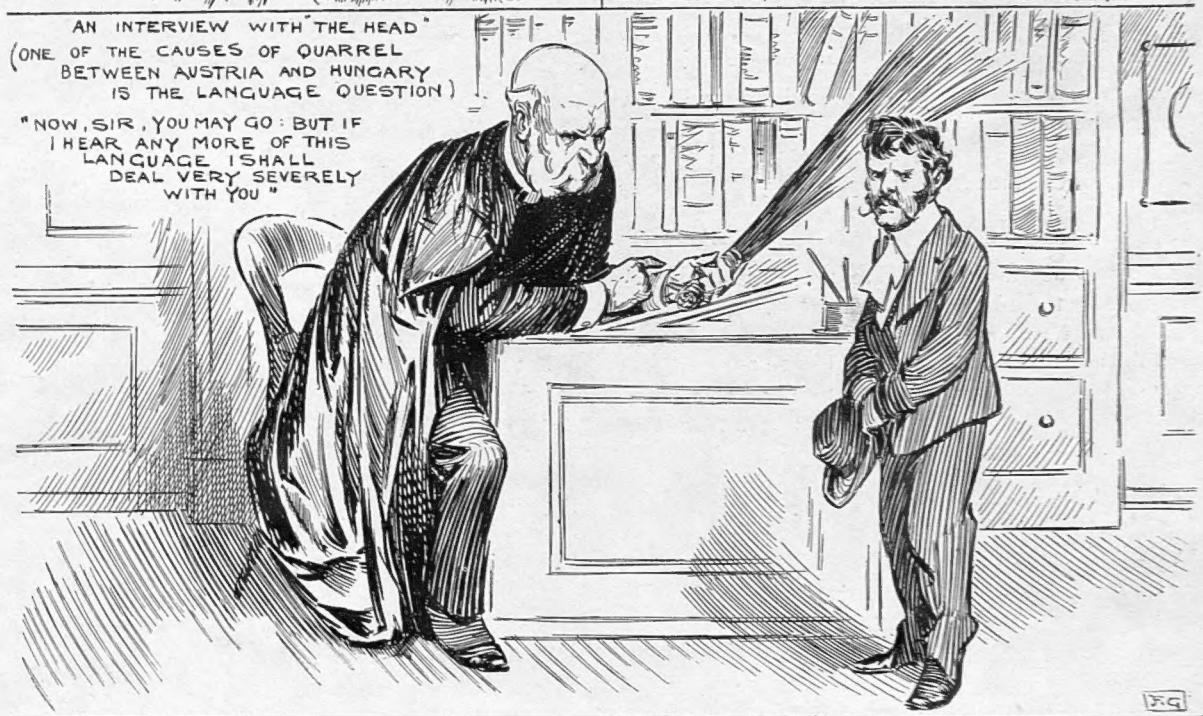
Oh, Willie! we shall miss you:
For who will elevate
Our Plays, our Press, our Politics,
While you put Russia straight?
The Army, and the Navy,
The Government, the Rand,
The Unemployed, the Alien,
Will miss your guiding hand.

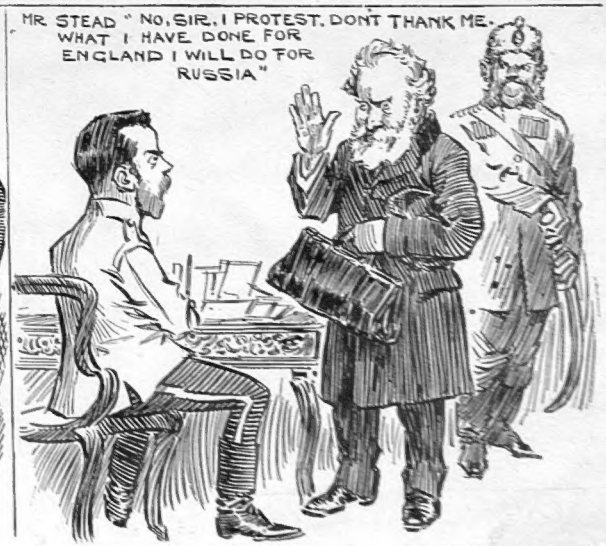
The General Election
Must soon come into view,
Twelve million puzzled voters
Will cry aloud for you.
When you have tamed and pacified
The wild, unruly Russ;
Oh! wandering seer of Mowbray House,
Come back, come back to Us!

The Topictator



A DIMINUTIVE COSTER, AWARDED FOUR MONTHS IMPRISONMENT FOR ASSAULTING TWO CONSTABLES, BEGGED TO HAVE HIS SENTENCE INCREASED TO SIX, AS THEN HE WOULD GET HALF A SOVEREIGN.





Euclid for Footballers

DEFINITIONS

1. *A forward* is strength without breath.

2. *A Pro.* is that which is all side.

3. *A charge* is the inclination of two figures to one another, which meet together, but are not kicking the ball in the same direction.

4. *A crowd* is that which has only one side.

5. *The extremities* of a crowd's patience are smashed referees.

6. *When one* footballer, standing on another footballer, makes the attendant wrangle greater than most wrangles, each of the footballers is called a bounder, and the unfortunate referee who gets between them is called a case for hospital.

7. *A "Figure"* is that which is cut by one or more bounders.

8. *An Obtuse Angle* is that which accepts less wages than his brother pro. from Scotland.

POSTULATES

Let it be granted :—

1. *That a referee* may be kicked from any one point to any other point.

2. *That a touch-line* may be reduced by any length by an over-eager crowd.

3. *That a football match* may be described to any paper at any distance from that paper.

AXIOMS

1. *Teams* which are equal to the same team are certain never to be equal to one another.

2. *Things* (!) which are "halves" of the same team think themselves more than equal to one another.

3. *Magnates* which contribute to the same club, that is, which exactly fill the same space in the subscription lists, are equal to one another.

4. *The back* is greater than its half.

5. *Two straight* (touch) lines cannot exclude a crowd.

Notes

The President of the Football Association is, it is rumoured, shortly to be made the recipient of a copy of Meredith's pros. works.

The singular spectacle was witnessed recently of a referee walking home from a football match.

The latest quotations for match victories show that, in consequence of the Association's recent action, prices are now raised. Indeed, in one city of the North, so high is the rate charged, that the victory market is almost at a standstill. Serious distress is feared amongst the large number of pros. affected.

Some Football Proverbs

Fine forwards make fine scores.

"Time" and Ties wait for no man.

Out of sight, out of touch.

There's many a slip 'twixt the Cup and the "Cracks."

A half-back is better than no defence.

Theatrical Announcement

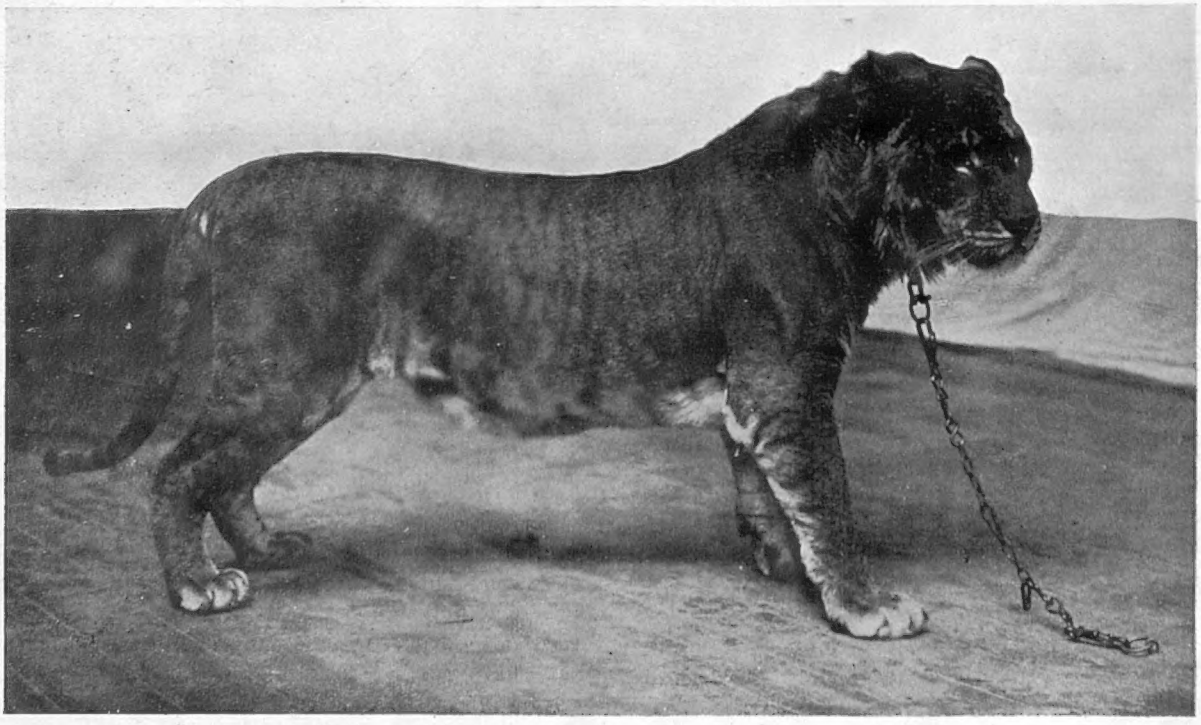
The success of the *Prodigal Son* at Drury Lane, and *The Return of the Prodigal* at the Court Theatre, leads us to hope that the following will be among the announcements for the opening season :—

COVENT GARDEN.—A new grand opera, entitled, "Return, Prodigal!"

DALY'S.—"The Returned Prodigal!" (Comic opera.)

PAVILION THEATRE.—"Return the Prodigal!" (Stirring drama.)

SCALA.—"The Prodigal Returned!" (Mediæval romance.)



An Interesting Hybrid: The young Lion-tiger now on exhibition at the Crystal Palace

Our illustration shows a lion-tiger cross—an entirely new species of animal introduced by M. Carl Hagenbeck. The peculiarity of this animal, as will be seen, is that it has a lion's head and a tiger's body. It is now to be seen, with a companion, at the Crystal Palace

Queen Wilhelmina's State Duties

Holland Celebrities

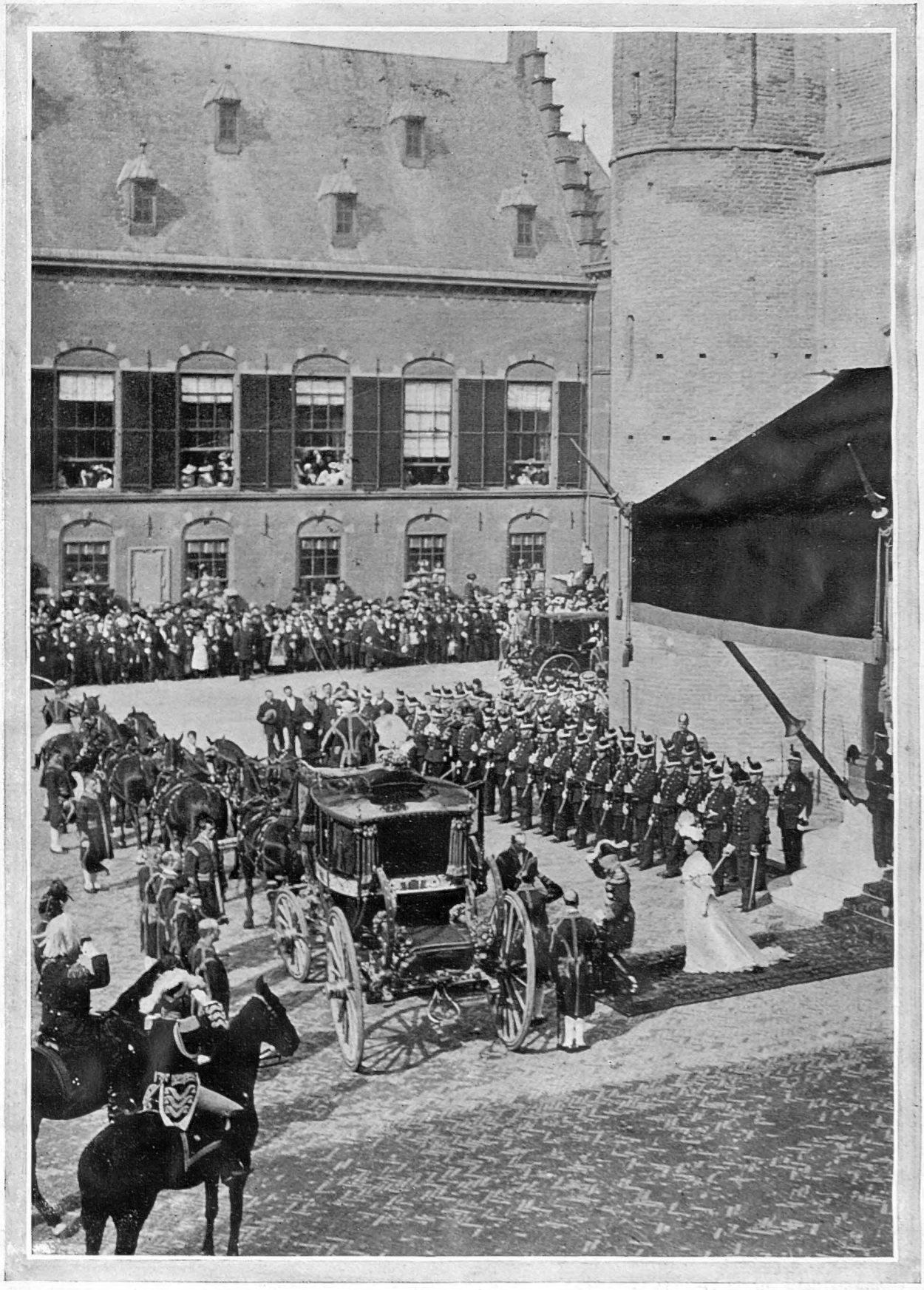


Photo by *A. J. W. de Veer*

Ceremonial Opening of the Dutch Parliament by the young Queen of Holland

Queen Wilhelmina is seen leaving the Royal Residence at the Hague to enter her State carriage

THE PLAYHOUSES

"THE PALACE REVIEW"—DRINK AND PLAYGOING

Panic Among Theatre Managers

Mr. George R. Sims's "fantastic forecast," though not wildly exhilarating in itself, has opened up a fresh field for the enterprise of variety theatre managers. After several false starts, the Review, modelled upon a popular form of entertainment in Paris, may fairly be said to have come to stay. *The Palace Review* is a topical musical skit, an extravaganza which comes as a welcome relief after a series of "turns." It admits of infinite variety and of infinite change. It may be pulled to pieces and built up again in the course of a few rehearsals. Prior to the production of *The Palace Review*, it was whispered that something akin to panic spread among the camp of theatrical managers. Councils of war were called, and resolutions adopted to check the advance of these bold variety managers. "If this Review is a great popular success," quoth the quidnuncs, "the theatrical managers will jump upon it." At the risk of raising a question which has already been hammered flat, one can call attention to the jealousy which appears to animate the theatrical managers.

In *The Palace Review*

Panic-Stricken Managers

Directly their rivals make a first move to win the support of the public by providing some new form of amusement, the theatrical managers run hither and run thither, raise this scream of alarm and that scream, until one may safely assert that if things pursue their present course, the public will become heartily tired of their pusillanimity and cowardice. Not to mince matters, they are jealous. They see their audiences falling away, and instead of manfully setting to work to provide greater attractions in order to win them back, they herd together and raise the parrot-cry of "Our Rights." They are as pitiful in excuse as in expedient. When a music-hall manager puts up an entertainment which draws the people, the theatre managers say, in effect, "No wonder the people go and see that show when they can smoke and drink." Perhaps the production they themselves are offering is of so poor a quality that, if they provided free drinks and free cigars for their patrons, they would not be able to fill the house. This view does not occur to them. They persist in the idea that an audience cares more for the privilege of drinking and smoking than for the quality of the dramatic fare which is offered to it.

As a matter of fact, the question of drink is much less of a grievance to the theatre managers than they make out.

In *The Palace Review*

The Eternal Drink Question

Apart from the fact that the use which they make of this drink question casts an unpleasant and quite unfair aspersion upon the public, they appear to forget that four of the largest variety theatres in London—the Coliseum, Lyceum, Hippodrome, and Palace—do not possess a drink licence. Yet the managers of these houses do not mutter "drink" when a play produced by a theatre manager is a popular success.

Even granted drink is the theatre manager's "Excalibur," what use have they made of the weapon? Has it not been pointed, not in defence of, but against the breasts of playgoers?

On any summer evening, about the hours of 9.45 and 10.30, when curtains are falling, it is a common sight in Theatreland to see little parties of men bound from theatre-lobbies to saloon bars. The quality of the drink provided by the managements of the theatres is alone responsible for these journeys. It is notorious that, at the majority of theatre bars, the top price is charged for the sorriest stuff.

One would imagine that theatre managers, who look upon drink as one at least of the strong inducements to playgoing, would take care that their patrons would have nothing to complain of in regard to the service and the quality of the liquor.

In *The Palace Review*

Meanwhile, drink, which is apt to make people discursive, has caused me to ramble sadly from the subject of *The Palace Review*. It is easily summed up. The form of it is excellent, and though the London County Council and Socialist duchesses figure in it rather too much, after the fashion in which they have figured in "Mustard and Cress," one can only be grateful to Mr. George R. Sims for having succeeded, where others have failed, in introducing to the variety stage a new and sparkling form of entertainment.

Comedy Theatre

Mr. William Collier made such a favourable impression on his introduction to the London stage in *The Dictator*, that the powers that be have wisely determined to keep him for a spell on this side of the water. In *On the Quiet*, the American comedian has even greater opportunities than he enjoyed before, for the reason that the new play is much less funny than the old, and requires a great deal of pulling through on the part of the principal performer.

Mr. Collier's humour is irresistible. He makes you laugh at the time, and chuckle afterwards when his drollery flashes across the mind. Quite perfect is his air of one who says, "I am glad to hear you laugh, but really there is not much to laugh about." One can pay tribute to the quiet methods of the American comedian without detracting in any way from the merits of our English stage humorists; but one critic, as a kind of apology for thinking so highly of the American player, remarks that our English actors would be equally successful if they adopted the same quiet methods. This is rather a left-handed compliment to both English and American actors. After all, a man's method is his own, and those who copy it stand a very poor chance of success. The cast at the Comedy, especially the male section of it, is a strong one, some excellent work being contributed by Mr. George Nash as the cheery scoundrel McGeachey, Mr. Eastabrook as Hix, the reporter, and Mr. Cranley Douglas, who plays the Duke of Carbondale with becoming and most amusing gravity.

St. James's Theatre

"DICK HOPE"

Last week I had not sufficient space to chronicle the return of the Kendals to town, a re-appearance which has occasioned the very warmest greetings at the St. James's Theatre. There was no mistaking the nature of the enthusiasm. It was evoked by the players, and not by the play, for it must be confessed that *Dick Hope* is one of those artless plays which do not very much matter.

Obviously written round the two principal performers, it can be said to have achieved its purpose by providing them with fair acting opportunities. But that is all. It is of the mild domestic order, with here and there a touch of true sentiment. Mr. Kendal, as the drunken Dick Hope, has the most telling part. It is a rôle which would be spoilt if overacted in the slightest degree. Mr. Kendal never overstepped the bounds.

Mrs. Kendal played the part of a womanly woman of uncertain age—the kind of woman who plays at being an old maid with the comfortable assurance that she is destined for the matrimonial state. A boy and a girl were of very little assistance to the play. Intended to provide a comedy element to offset the more serious affairs of their elders, they succeeded in being merely tiresome. E. C. S.

In *The Palace Review*

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Royal Tour to India

In the suite which accompanies the Princess of Wales to India is a great friend of Her Royal Highness, the Countess of Shaftesbury, whose portrait appears as our frontispiece this week. Lady Shaftesbury is the daughter of Lady Grosvenor, and sister to the Duke of Westminster. Mr. George Wyndham is her step-father.

Master Reggie Paul

The old showman's term, "infant prodigy," has fallen somewhat into disrepute, so we will apply the expression, "child marvel," to Master Reggie Paul, who hails from the land of song and music—Wales. Born at Bangor but a decade ago, this gifted boy pianist has been delighting audiences in the Welsh watering-places at concerts which have recently been held under the auspices of Mme. Novello Davies. Master Paul, like others of his attainments, has his face set towards the Capital.

Photo by *Knipe and Cullifor.t*

Master Reggie Paul

A clever boy pianist, who hails from Bangor

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's Rival

Mr. R. L. Outhwaite is certainly a bold man, for he is standing against the "Great Protectionist" at the coming General Election. Mr. Outhwaite is a Colonial, a son of Greater Britain, who does not believe in Tariff Reform, and this, perhaps, is why he has been selected to storm the West Division of Birmingham, which may be regarded as the constituency of all others arrogating to itself the proud title of "Stronghold of Protection." In these days, elections are carried on far more decorously than was once the case, and Mr. Chamberlain is said to have spoken very good-naturedly of the bold Colonial who hopes to oust him from his "safe" seat. It will be interesting to see the course of what ought to be a Homeric struggle, the more so that Mr. Outhwaite is said to be a very good platform speaker.

The Earl of Fingall

The Earl of Fingall is happily recovering from the injuries he sustained by being thrown from his trap. He has seen some fighting, like his ancestor, Sir Christopher Plunkett's son, who fell at Stoke, seditiously fighting for Lambert Simnel, a good long time ago. Lord Fingall, being a major in the fifth battalion of the Connaught Rangers, served with the Imperial Yeomanry in South Africa, and won mention in dispatches. Like Lord Langford, he has been State Steward to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He is Baron Fingall in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, is a Privy Councillor, possesses some 9,600 acres of Irish land, and dwells in his castle of Killeen, Co. Meath.

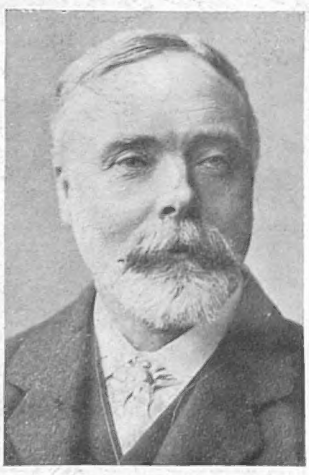


Photo by *Vandyk*

Mr. Robert Inglis

One of the arbitrators appointed to fix the price to be paid by the Government for the "Tanjong Pagar" Docks at Singapore, illustrations of which appear on pp. 22, 23

Photo by *Whitlock*

Mr. R. L. Outhwaite

Who is opposing Mr. Joseph Chamberlain at the next General Election

Photo by *Lafayette*

The Earl of Fingall

Who met with a serious accident when driving home, being thrown from his trap and sustaining concussion of the brain

Four Talented Sisters

The Countess of Westmorland

Lady Angela Forbes

Four Talented Sisters

The able critic of the *Daily Telegraph* enjoyed quite a little "scoop" when he announced in his notice that "R. E. Fyffe," the author of *The Conqueror*, about whom conjecture had previously run riot, was the Duchess of Sutherland. Some of the critics may have wished that their pens had been a little less pointed, for "Mr. Fyffe" was told several plain things. The *Daily Mail* said he yearned to write epics and sagas; the *Express* that he was not Mäeterlinck; the *Morning Post* that he wrote prose cut up into measured feet, and that is all; the *Times* that the play was wholly lady-like. This must have been the unkindest cut of all. But the

Photos by] The Countess of Warwick

The Duchess of Sutherland *[Lallie Charles*

Lord Dudley's Narrow Escape

Duchess of Sutherland, doubtless, laughed at the notices, and is no doubt hard at work upon a new play. The new playwright has published several books under her own name, notably, "How I Spent My Twentieth Year" and "Seven Love Stories." The Duchess of Sutherland is the sister of the Countess of Westmorland and Lady Angela Forbes. She is also the younger half-sister of the Countess of Warwick, whose Socialist leanings are so well known. Mr. G. R. Sims, by the way, pokes some mild fun at Society Socialists in his *revue* at the Palace Theatre. "The Duchess of Doric, M.P.," capitally played by Miss Lottie Venne, is imprisoned in the clock-tower for defying the Speaker. And there is a catchy chorus of duchesses and working-men which proved one of the brightest numbers in the *revue*.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Lord Dudley

Who narrowly escaped drowning as the result of his yacht being capsized on Lough Erne

An Exciting Water Party!

Society is still talking of the very serious boating accident which befel Lord Dudley, Lady Mabel Crichton, and the latter's good-looking brother, Mr. George Crichton, on Lough Erne. Fortunately, the three victims of what at first promised to be an exceptionally pleasant water party, were strong and young; and they clung to their upturned boat till assistance could be procured. Lord Dudley is connected with the family of Lord and Lady Erne, owing to the fact that one of his brothers is married to the charming Irishwoman who was, before her marriage, Lady Evelyn Crichton, and the young couple are both highly popular members of the Viceregal Court. Lady Mabel, the heroine of the accident, is engaged to Lord Hugh Grosvenor, the Duke of Westminster's youngest uncle, and the marriage will probably be one of the great matrimonial functions of the early winter. Lord and Lady Erne had been entertaining a Viceregal house party at the time the boating accident took place, and it is easy to imagine with what feelings of horror Lady Mabel's fiancé must have seen her terrible plight. Crom Castle is a very beautiful place, and its owners spend a great deal of their time at their Irish seat, making full use of their splendid lake.

Photo by *Thomson*

Laby Mabel Crichton

Who is the daughter of Lord Erne, and is engaged to Lord Hugh Grosvenor, son of Katherine, Duchess of Westminster

Photo by *Lafayette*

Hon. G. Crichton

Who was with his sister, Lady Mabel Crichton, and Lord Dudley in the capsized yacht

The King of Spain "En Vacance"

The King of Spain mountaineering in the neighbourhood of Santander

The King of Spain

The young King of Spain might well harbour a grudge against paragraphers. His Majesty's name is seldom mentioned in the Press without some yarn tacked on concerning his matrimonial prospects. It is with a view, therefore, to present the young King in another light than that of a coming Benedick that we call attention to his prowess as a sportsman. He is a fearless and very skilful rider, and is fond of sport

From Stereographs Copyright

The King with a quail shooting party in Sidonia

The Strong Man of China

in every form. When on a visit here, people commented approvingly upon the zest with which he entered upon the work he happened to be engaged upon. One can quite imagine His Majesty to be the life and soul of the quail shooting party and the mountaineering party depicted in our illustrations.

The Real Rulers of China

The world knows as little of the great men of China as it does of that mysterious country itself. We have just received most interesting particulars of the three men recognised in diplomacy as leaders of China in thought and action. They are Chang Chih Tung, Viceroy of Hunan and Kupeh; Yuan Shih Kai, who succeeded Li Hung Chang as Viceroy of Chibli; and Isên Ch'un Hsüen, Viceroy of Canton and Kuangsi. The first Viceroy is the first scholar in China. He is about to join the Grand Council of Nonogenarians at Pekin. He was a contemporary force with Li Hung Chang, and it may be said that his day is over. The greatest statesman in China to-day is Yuan Shih Kai. He is the great advocate of the policy, "Japan, the friend of China." Moreover, he is soldier no less than statesman. For years he has been massing an army of foreign drilled troops which may be relied upon to settle any future crisis which may arise in internal affairs. But stronger by far than these is the Viceroy of Canton and Kuangsi.

The terrible Viceroy Is'ên Ch'un Hsuen in a gentle mood
His well-known antagonism to footbinding has saved the feet of his little daughter from that cruel practice

A Terrible Viceroy

A remarkable man is Isên Ch'un Hsüen, perhaps the most remarkable in the world; and though to us China may seem still the same sleepy, helpless monster that she was a hundred years ago, yet this is not so. The very existence of such a man is proof to the contrary.

Intensely loyal, absolutely fearless, full of a resistless energy, he can work wonders by the force of his personality. He rises at four in the morning, winter and summer, and at once institutes secret inquiries about all his subordinates, censuring any neglect of duty, or even the slightest breach of etiquette. Like all great men, he is acquainted with every detail of his administration; and there is not one of his servants, however humble, whom he has not tested in one way or another. Those who have to meet him do well to be in time, for the Viceroy will not wait a second; and it is no uncommon thing to see him hurrying off to his work vainly pursued by some miserable official who has come a little late, and so lost his opportunity. Though he is the nightmare of all the rogues and scamps who live by extorting money from the people, no one is more quick to acknowledge merit, and to reward it handsomely. Wherever he goes he is followed about by his executioner, whose office can hardly be regarded as a sinecure. In appearance he is a stout dark man, of medium height, with one of the strongest faces it is possible to imagine—stern, domineering, and punctilious.

Oddly enough, a rumour once got about that he was travelling through the Province disguised as an old man, and riding on a donkey. The result was that, for the first time in history, the gates of all the cities were closed punctually at sunset, as the law said they should, and it was simply impossible for anyone riding on a donkey to obtain admission, no matter how large a bribe he might offer the porters.

Gold in Lake Titicaca

Every reader of Prescott's fascinating book, "The Conquest of Peru," is aware that the Incas of Peru are said to have buried treasure in fabulous quantities in the waters of Lake Titicaca, in the days when the Spanish pioneers were decimating their people in search of treasure. For hundreds of years the Inca Indians have passed down to one another stories of the immense treasure in gold, silver, and precious stones, which lies buried hundreds of fathoms deep in the lake. A private syndicate was formed in England some time ago to drain portions of the lake. The shares were, we understand, £10 shares, and if the legends prove true and treasure is found, the owners hope to get thousands of pounds for each share. The draining carried on with the aid of the Peruvian Government, which has a share in the expedition, is now nearing completion, and the syndicate before long will know if its members have lost their £10 notes or if they are wealthy men.

The Vagaries of the Artistic Temperament

The artistic temperament proper—not that curious disease now taken for it, which drives people to paint Academy pictures and write six-shilling novels—is often capable of going to the most incomprehensible extremes. Few people even understand it, though Mr. George Moore is certainly one. In "Evelyn

The New Order of Things in China

A review of the Shansi Provincial Troops by H. E. Wu Ting Pin
The mountain guns were sent by the Viceroy Chang Chih Tung

Innes" and "Sister Teresa" he has shown us its wonderful effects on a woman's life, the heights and depths alternately reached and sounded, and in the end how love was turned into revulsion. Yet through all there runs the eternal quest after beauty. But it took a master hand to do this for us. A case similar in some of its aspects has just happened in real life in Poland, where Mlle. Marie Rocoska, who was regarded as one of the most beautiful women in Europe, recently disappeared.

The interior of the Yamen of the Governor of Shans
The official residence of Viceroy Tsên Ch'un Hsüen, "the terrible Viceroy"

From Stage to Convent

Mlle. Rocoska, who was one of the principals at the Royal Opera, Warsaw, was well known in theatrical and artistic circles throughout Poland. News has at last reached her friends that Mlle. Rocoska has gone to Galicia, in Austria, where she has exchanged the pleasures of her art for the austerities of a convent, having renounced her former life and taken the veil. Mlle. Rocoska has given no motive for this sudden step.

Mlle. Marie Siera Rocoska, who is said to be one of the most beautiful women in Europe

Madame Rocoska recently left the operatic stage, and has taken the veil in an Austrian convent

Sir John French

South Africa was termed the graveyard of reputations. For some of our Generals it was such, but not for Sir John French, who came back with the reputation of being one of the first cavalry leaders of the day. At the time of writing, General French is busy defending England against an enormous invading force of 270,000 men. The "idea" of the manœuvres, which are the sequel to the recent staff ride, is that the invasion has actually taken place, and the strength of the invaders is such that the British Forces have been driven back from the east and west coasts, and the great manufacturing centres of the country. A detached portion of the invading force, about 5,000 strong, is attempting to force the passage of the Thames. It may be unpatriotic, but the idea occurs that it would be rather fun if the invaders carried all before them and marched into London. They would give a fillip to the general gloom of the Metropolis these days. Moreover, to bring the manœuvres still more home to the populace, the Volunteers might be called out to offer stout resistance from behind the natural earthworks which the London County Council and other authorities have thrown up all over the town.

"The Bystander" in Africa

The ubiquity of THE BYSTANDER is wonderful, even to us who follow its travels from the standpoint of interested workers. Several times a week we are reminded by letter of some new and almost unknown

The Hunt for the Buried . es e Incas: aca, Peru

In this lake, the Incas of Peru, who, it will be remembered, were conquered in the sixteenth ce.. nish adventurer, Pizarro, are said to have buried huge quantities rather than let it fall into the hands of their Spanish conquerors. It ow been drained by a company, and in a short time the expectant shareholders will know whether their ten pound share ly paid up) wi.. o the extent of their anticipations

A Born Leader of Cavalry

spot into which our paper has penetrated. From the steaming flats of the Nile, and from the orange groves of California, from New Zealand gum diggings, and from Indian plantations—in short, from all those faraway places where Britishers seem to take a delight in working away their lives, we have received tribute as spontaneous as it is gratifying. Our latest correspondent (a lady) writes from Paarl, Cape Colony. For the benefit of those readers who may perchance be going Paarl way we quote the following from our correspondent's warmly appreciative letter: "I am proud to be able to say I have introduced THE BYSTANDER to this community, and it can now be had at (don't smile!) the one and only bookseller's here, and ——," our modesty forbids us to print the remainder of the sentence. Our photograph shows our lady correspondent (on the right) and her friend with their children. All the little ones were born in Africa, and bear testimony in their healthy looking figures to the salubrity of the climate there. Such letters as this do much towards sweetening the life of the hard-worked journalist, and we herewith send our friends at Paarl our heartiest thanks.

Photo by Gale and Polden

Lieut.-General Sir John French

In command of the Red Army, defending England against an invading Blue force of 270,000 men

A Baron Emperor?

Quite a sensation has been created in Paris by the news that Baron de Forest, Lord Gerard's brother-in-law, the well-known millionaire sportsman, intends, like M. Jacques Lebaudy, to found an Empire in the Sahara desert! It seems to be a fact that the Baron and his pretty wife— ho was Miss Ethel Gerard, one of the most popular new century débutantes — have sailed in their splendid new yacht, *The Honor*, for the Near East. Baron de Forest is one of two brothers, both adopted sons of the late Baron Hirsch. It was from the latter financier that he inherited one of the most famous sporting estates in the world, Eichhorn, in Austria. Since his marriage, he has lived with his young wife almost entirely in England. They are both devoted to hunting and to yachting, and *The Honor*—which was only launched last April—is one of the finest yachts afloat; indeed, in size and comfort, it recalls a liner rather than a pleasure steamer. The Baroness, who is very clever, designed many of the fittings of *The Honor* herself.

"The Bystander" in F

From a photograph sent by an e

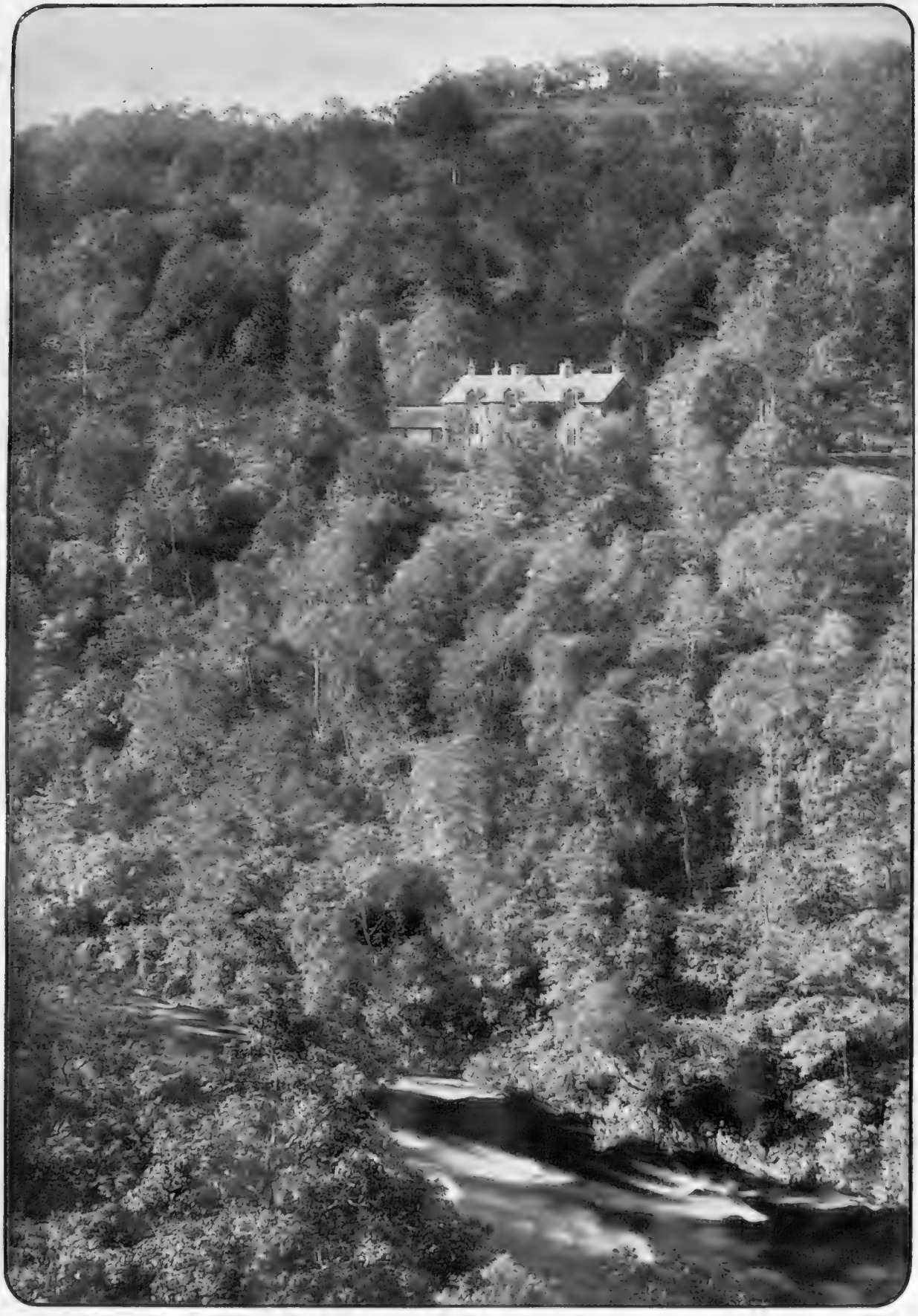
.ony

dy correspondent

Baron de Forest on the Crest Run at St. Moritz

Baron de Forest, it is rumoured, is another prospective Emperor of the Sahara

An Excellent Salmon Fishing Water



The River Garry, at Killiecrankie, Pitlochry

Killiecrankie Cottage, illustrated above, is situated at the northern end of the famous Pass, among some of the most beautiful scenery in the Highlands. The salmon fishing connected with the estate comprises 1½ miles of the River Garry, the water yielding excellent sport

Hints for Yanks and Tips for Country Cousins

By FRANK ELIAS

London, like many another capital, is not without interest. Do not assume that every cabman you see is a distressed duke. Some have been found to be not even earls.

The Zoo was established in 1826. The present House of Commons, on the other hand, was not erected until 1840.

WHITEHALL. — Here Cromwell cut off the head of Charles I. because it wasn't Round enough.

If you are in danger of thinking London is to be preferred to your own town, go and look at the Albert Memorial.

The City Fathers may be found at the Guildhall. The City "Uncles," or some of them, in Petticoat Lane.

Across Waterloo Bridge you may enter Surrey, the population of which consists mostly of Captains of the County Cricket Club first eleven.

Do not confound the Chamber of Horrors with the Royal Academy. The former is in Tussaud's Waxworks, and does not leave a permanently disagreeable effect.

If you find London so fascinating that you never want to leave it, take a South Eastern and Chatham train from London Bridge.

In London there are A.B.C. shops and A.B. see-dy shops. Also, you need not go to romantic fiction to encounter the Lyons Male.

The City of London has a number of old-standing livery companies. It has also many new "stand and delivery" companies.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.—Burns was not uttering a warning to this institution when he exclaimed, "A chiel's among you taking notes."

The statues of London are unlike any others. That is why Provincials who don't like their own cities go home contented. (N.B.—A neat eye-shade for use while passing a London statue may be obtained at most chemists.)

Antiquarians tell us that in ancient times, if a prisoner refused to confess after suffering the torture of the rack, he was led before one of the Metropolitan statues. Although, of course, he confessed, he did not always do it at once. But then the Stephenson effigy was not available in those days.

The Fitness of Things

STREET HAWKER (*seizing his chance*): "Map o' London, Sir?"

THE THAMES.—Literary and artistic incendiaries sometimes make an attempt on this river, but without much success.

THE DOCKS. — If you want to see a London dock, throw a half-brick through the nearest window-pane.

They are not all White Chaps in Whitechapel. Many are aliens.

In Carmelite Street is the office of the *Daily Mail*. Its enemies call it the most yellow paper published. As a matter of fact, it is the most read.

Cheapside you will find in the City; while a visit to Hyde Park on Sunday morning will enable you to see yet cheaper "side."

THE COUNTY COUNCIL.—Its enemies call it the Does not County Council.

The Nelson Column is longer and heavier than any other in London — including those of the *Times*.

THE MINT.—You should be employed here if you want to make money.

HAMPSTEAD.—Is the West End suburb most remote from the House of Commons. Hence the name, "Happy Hampstead."

The claim of the British Museum to exhibit articles of the greatest antiquity is discounted by the fact that the institution does not include within its walls any specimens of railway buns cheese-jokes, or

landlady's groceries. The British Museum Library receives a copy of every book published. And yet some authors grumble about their circulations.

Hyde Park has a Magazine which is unique. Its controllers do not want to see it go off quickly.

In the Tate Gallery are housed the Chantrey Bequest pictures; otherwise the building is worthy of a visit.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS. — This establishment claims to be able to cure any kind of insomnia in a few days. Inmates have every care and attention.

THE WAR OFFICE.— Every description of Army Scheme is here obtainable. Fresh supplies daily. Clearance sales of schemes and systems at frequent intervals.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY. — Here may be seen some of the finest specimens of English painting. Others may be seen at Church parade on Sunday morning.

STERN PARENT: "Come here, Augustus. I'm going to whip you. You know why?"
AUGUSTUS: "I s'pose cause you're bigger 'n me"

Near London

HENLEY-ON-THAMES. —Occasionally, however, during the rainy season, the Thames is on Henley.

SOUTHEND. — Sometimes called Southend on-Mud, but most unjustly, as you cannot have mud without at least *some* water.

WORMWOOD SCRUBBS. Here the King (by deputy) entertains a good deal during the year. Although gratuities are forbidden, residents sometimes find an opportunity of giving their attendants something by which to remember them.

BRIGHTON. — If you are feeling dull, a visit will make you, too, a Bright 'un.

And will American and country visitors finally note that:—

Several of the Great Railway Termini are in Euston Road. Do not, therefore, make any mistake when taking your departure. Remember that it behoves everyone to know his proper station.

Courtsh Coonla

Fun at Funchal

THE ATLANTIC FLEET AT MADEIRA

Football Match at Funchal, between Madeira Residents and Atlantic Squadron Team, in a temperature of 85 deg. in the shade

THE "ever-beautiful" Island of Madeira is, as a rule, very quiet and lazy during the hot month of September. This year, however, it has been prematurely roused from its summer "siesta" by a welcome, though somewhat unexpected, visit of His Majesty's Atlantic Squadron.

On August 29 three great warships—the *King Edward VII.*, the *Commonwealth*, and the *New Zealand*—all ships of the latest and most perfect type, sailed into the blue waters of Funchal. A few days later, these three monsters were joined by the *Majestic*, *Magnificent*, and *Victorious*.

The Portuguese (who always make such excellent hosts on these occasions) and the few English residents left on the Island, laid themselves out to entertain the officers and men to the best of their ability. Amongst many other things, a large "garden party" was given by the Governor of the Island, in honour of the Admiral (Sir W. May). It was held in the gardens of the "Mount Palace Hotel," which, being 2,000 feet above sea-level, are cool even in summer. Guests were conveyed up by the "Funicular" railway—special trains running all the afternoon—and down again in the world-renowned toboggans, which afforded immense pleasure, as they always do.

The Admiral, in return, had a big "At Home" on his flag-ship (the *King Edward*), and entertained the *élite* of the Island residents to many lunches and teas.

A great many cricket, football, and hockey matches were played, Madeira being able to supply a good team for each game, and to more than hold their own. Football is a little trying, though, in a temperature of 85° in the shade! English sailors, however, seem to prefer it to any other game in the world, no matter how great the heat.

View [illegible] Funchal, sh[illegible]e Atlantic Fleet anchored off the town

Singapore: Government Purchase of Docks

Within a few weeks, the "Tanjong Pagar" Docks, the great commercial docks at Singapore, will pass, by compulsory purchase, under the authority of Parliament, into the hands of the British Government.

Battery Road, Singapore

Singapore is a picturesque, well-built town, and contains some imposing buildings, among which must be reckoned the large stores run by Europeans

Though Singapore has for many years been a port of the greatest commercial importance to Great Britain, the docks have, up to the present time, belonged to a private company.

Singapore's value to Great Britain has hitherto been chiefly as a naval base and principal coaling station between Colombo and Hongkong. In future, the port will undoubtedly be increasingly used by British squadrons, and once a year the three forces in China, East Indies, and Australian waters will be concentrated there for joint manœuvres. By the purchase of the docks, British interests will be consolidated and safeguarded, but no burden will thereby be cast on the Imperial Exchequer.

Great Britain must thank Sir Stamford Raffles for Singapore, which is practically the key to the British command of the sea east of Suez. Early in last century he recognised the value of the Island, which is twenty-seven miles long by fourteen broad, and, by his advice, Singapore was, in 1824, cheaply purchased from the Sultan of Johore for £12,500 and a life annuity of £5,000. Singapore has more than once been aptly referred to as "Great Britain's Best Bargain." The memory of Sir Stamford Raffles is perpetuated in Singapore by its principal square, which is named after him. Raffles Square contains many excellent European shops and stores, but the trade of the Island is largely in the hands of the Chinese, who form by far the largest portion of the population.

Photos by *G. R. Lambert and Co.*

View of Government House, Singapore, the residence of Sir John Anderson, K.C.M.G.

The purchase by the Colonial Government of the docks at Singapore is not only a fine stroke of policy from the naval and commercial point of view, but will also help to swell Colonial finances. Nobody would think of accusing the *Daily Telegraph* of encouraging Socialistic views, yet their pronouncement on the purchase of the Singapore Docks comes perilously near, what to them, is the danger line. "The profit arising from the docks undertaking," says the *D. T.*, "will go to the assistance of Colonial finance instead of enriching private individuals, the shareholders of the existing company." Yet the *D. T.* has a curious way of opposing this root principle in home undertakings

Singapore: The Harbour and the Town

A view of Singapore harbour

Singapore harbour, besides being very spacious and safe, is also remarkably easy of access. The docks, stores, and dwelling-houses of Singapore extend, in a picturesque manner, for quite six miles along the sea front

Photo by *G. R. Lambert and Co.*

A corner of Raffles Square, Singapore, named after the great English Colonist, Sir Stamford Raffles, who founded the city

Singapore was founded in 1819 by Sir Stamford Raffles as a centre for British trade in the East Indies. The Island was purchased from the Sultan of Johore in 1824 for £12,500 and a life annuity of £5,000, since when it has become the principal port in the South-East of Asia.

The Hungarian Crisis

The beautiful Parliament Houses in Buda-Pesth

RARELY has an interview been fraught with such grave issues as that which recently took place between the Coalition leaders and the Emperor-King, Francis Joseph. Matters had arrived at such a point that personal negotiations between the dissatisfied Hungarians and their monarch seemed the only solution of the difficulty. The interview, which lasted five minutes, has widened the breach. The Emperor nodded curtly to the leaders, addressed them in German, and, finally, read them a declaration in Hungarian, giving the conditions under which they might form a Government. The very first

Bird's-eye view of Buda-Pesth, the Capital of Hungary

The Hungarian Crisis

Presburg, Capital of Upper Hungary

The Citadel and Cathedral at Gran, formerly the Capital of Hungary

condition swept away the possibility of compromise upon the most crucial matter of all, viz., the use of Hungarian words of command in the Army. This may seem a small point to a people like the English, who are not confronted with the problems which arise from differences of language, but to the Hungarians it is regarded as the stepping-stone to their liberty. An affront, for in this light the Coalition leaders will regard the interview, may have the most disastrous effects upon such a haughty and independent race as the Hungarians. Anything may come of this crisis, even an appeal to the sword.

Photo by] **Miss Grace Hadsell** (*Phœbe Ridgway*) **Miss Ida Conquest** (*Agnes Colt*) **Mr. William Collier** (*Robert Ridgway*)

SCENE FROM "ON THE QUIET," THE NEW AMERICAN PLAY A

The above scene occurs in the last act of the amusing farce, *On the Quiet*, at the Comedy Theatre. Ridgway has recently married Agnes Colt, and the marriage certificate has fallen into the hands of the blackm the couple lose sixteen million dollars.

George Nash
McGeachy)

Mr. Estabrook
(*Hix, the Reporter*)

Mr. William Curtis
(*Hyde Ogden*)

[*Ellis and Walery*

HE COMEDY THEATRE AT WHICH ALL LONDON IS LAUGHING

McGeachy. If the marriage is known | valueless as a means of extorting money, and McGeachy, who has fallen overboard, is
rn of fortune, the certificate becom | offered dollar 5 cents for the damp certificate.

Four Topical Actresses

Photos by] Miss Norah Kerin

Who was married last week to Mr. Cyril Michael. Miss Kerin, who played Miranda in the last revival of *The Tempest*, has four cousins who have also made a name on the stage. Misses Julia Neilsen, Hilda Jacobson, Hilda Hanbury, and Lily Hanbury

Miss Maude Cressall [*Ellis and Walery*

Who will play Miranda in Mr. Tree's next revival of *The Tempest* at His Majesty's Theatre

Photo by] Miss Marie Doro [*Otto Sarony Co.*

Who is playing the title-rôle in *Clarice* at the Duke of York's Theatre

[*Langfier*

Who is appearing in ... George R. Sims's ... heatre

OUR SHORT STORY

A CALL FROM THE PAST.

By LEONARD MERRICK

(Author of "The Quaint Companions," "The Worldlings," etc., etc.)

WHEN Robert Blackstone, the new K.C., came out of Court, a junior murmured to a friend, "He's a dry stick, Blackstone!" and Robert overheard the remark. In his chambers the eminent man was remembering it now; he was thinking what an extraordinary thing it was to have befallen him—he, "Bob," had actually lived to become "a dry stick"!

His mind went back to the time when, revolting from the Bar, he had called himself "Lawless" and gone on the stage; he saw Robert Lawless secretly writing plays, which were never produced, long after Robert Blackstone was supposed to have recovered his senses. Who could have foretold, when he scribbled in Plowden Buildings, that he would one day be a K.C. and a dry stick?

And he was only forty-one! If his boyish hopes had been justified, perhaps life would have tasted better to him after all? He lit a cigarette, and stared through the open window. The flowers of the garden were bright in sunshine, and the fountain tinkled dreamily. There was a nursemaid with a child among the flowers; he wondered for a moment whether he would have done well to marry.

Gad! he was getting sentimental, listening to the fountain. Shut the window, ring the bell, see what briefs had come in!

"And a letter, sir."

"All right," said Robert, "put it down."

The eagerness with which he used once to seize his briefs! The swift glance to learn the fee, the impatience to gather the contents! Other incomes, other manners—he pulled the tape off leisurely to-day. "A dry stick!" he reiterated. Oh, one had to pay for success, there was no doubt

His gaze wandered to the letter, and [illegible] on it, startled—a little quiver ran through hi[illegible] seconds a sensation that was half ple[illegible] held him quie[illegible]

from Plowden Buildings — it was addressed to "Robert Lawless, Esq.," care of himself.

Theatre Royal, Hetton-Le-Hole, Durham,
May 1st.

DEAR SIR,—I have come across the 'script of your farcical comedy, entitled, *No Flies on Flossie*, all rights of which I acquired some years ago. It is a bit antique in parts now, and I think you might like to bring it up to date. I am putting it on at Ashton-under-Lyne to see how it shapes. We rehearse at Prince of Wales's, Manchester. The first Call is for twelve o'clock, Monday, 18th instant.—Yours faithfully,

CAVENDISH PINK.

When the colour had crept back to his cheeks, Robert laughed—the perfunctory laugh that he gave to a Judge's joke; he was acting to himself unconsciously. His farce, after all these years—now that he would be ashamed to own it! The farce that he had once hoped and prayed for! How had the man come by it? But the adventures of the manuscript were unimportant!

He did not reply to Cavendish Pink. "*No Flies on Flossie*, the work, we understand, of Mr. Robert Blackstone, K.C.!" He shuddered in imagining such a paragraph. No, the best course was silence; probably, it would be inferred that Mr. Lawless was dead. Yet, because he had once hoped and prayed for the piece, because it had once been very dear to him, the K.C. admitted that it would have been agreeable to see it rehearsed.

About a week later, he said that, of course, he wouldn't be so stupid as to go, but that, as a matter of fact, there was nothing to prevent him—his name there would be "Lawless," and who, in a third-rate provincial company, would know his face? The indulgence was out of the question, but—— "The first Call is for twelve o'clock, Monday, 18th inst.!" Constantly he thought of it, sometimes he fingered the letter again; daily, in the drawer of his desk, under the documents, under the briefs, it tempted him—the Call from the Past.

If the Easter Term did not end on the 16th of May, there would have been no story; but it does.

When he took his ticket, he felt nervous, guilty—he trusted he would meet no friend to question where he was going. In the train his mind misgave him about hotels—an hotel might teem with questions. Yes, he must stay in lodgings! While he was about it, why not theatrical lodgings? At Stafford he bought a copy of the *Stage*, and looked at the landladies' advertisements. Arrived, he directed the cabman to All Saints, for in Manchester all theatrical landladies and All Saints are neighbours.

"I want a sitting-room and bedroom," he said, at a dozen humble doorways, and at last he was accommodated.

Against the piano there was a pile of comic songs; on the mantelpiece there were photographs of performers in tights. The rooms were cosily furnished,

(All rights strictly reserved)

and the rent was ten shillings a week, inclusive of gas and fires; the weather had turned chilly.

"One always returns to one's first love!" mused Robert; and really the first love looked attractive, though he viewed the sign-board of a "Mechanical Chimney Sweep" through the window. He asked the woman for her card:

"I'll have to give you my professional card," she said; "I'm in the Profession myself—I only let rooms as a 'obby." He read, "Mlle. Superba, Terpsichorean Gymnast."

There was a new exhilaration in his veins as he drove to the Prince of Wales's; he did not define the feeling, but what he felt was "Younger." He leapt out and saw "Stage Entrance" painted on a dirty door. Again he pulled a stage-door open! "What name?" he was asked; "Mr. Lawless," he answered. And all at once he did not know if he was happy, or ashamed; but he knew he trembled.

The theatre looked dark for the first minute. He received a dim impression of ill-dressed people, drew a breathful of mouldy atmosphere, that swept him back into the past. A vociferous man shook hands with him, and called him "my boy." "So you've turned up, my boy! That's all right. Afraid you hadn't had my note."

"How do you do, Mr. Pink?" responded Robert.

They sat down in the stalls, swathed in holland wrappers, and the mist before him melted. The ill-dressed people acquired features; he realised that the rehearsal had begun, and that the figures on the stage were the butler and the maidservant reading the opening scene of his farce.

"It wants freshening up, Lawless," said Mr. Pink, "it's a bit Noah's Arky here and there—old-fashioned. Still, I think there's stuff in it. I'd like you to keep your ears open; see where you can stick in some lines. Make it modern, my boy; make it a bit topical—you know what I mean?"

"Oh—er—of course," said Robert, with dismay. "Yes, certainly, I must see what I can do."

He was painfully embarrassed; he had not felt so nervous since the day he heard himself pleading in Court for the first time. When the vociferous man left him, he thanked Heaven. Vaguely he thought of making his escape; of sending a telegram to say he was recalled to town.

"Mr. Lawless?"

A pale, shabby girl had come to him. She had very beautiful, grey eyes; he was surprised that he had overlooked her.

"Yes?" he said.

"I'm to play 'Flossie'—I wanted to ask you a question about her. Is she simple in the first act, or only putting it on?"

He had no longer any views on the subject, but it would never do to say so.

"Simple," he said. "Oh, decidedly simple in the first act."

"That's what I thought!" She nodded. "And Mr. Pink wants me to do it the other way—Mr. Pink says she is only putting it on."

He perceived that he had encouraged her to defy the Management.

"Of course," he added, hastily, "when I say 'simple,' I mean relatively simple—everything is relative!"

"Oh y-e-s," she said. But she was evidently at sea. After a moment she went on, "What I really want to know is, how she is to speak those lines sitting on the hamper—is she sincere in that speech, or isn't she?"

"That, of course, is the question," murmured Robert. "Yes, precisely! That speech is the—the——"

"It's the keynote to the part," she said.

He wished distressfully he could remember what speech she meant. Perhaps, after all, he had better be frank.

"To be quite honest with you," he said, "I wrote the piece a good many years ago; and since then I——"

"Oh, I see!" She laughed. "How funny! Since then you've written so many others that you've forgotten what it's about."

"Exactly," said Robert. "That is to say, not at all. I haven't written any others, but I *have* forgotten what it's about."

They regarded each other silently for a moment. She seemed a singularly nice girl.

"I was quite a young man when I wrote it," he said abruptly.

"And you've done nothing since?"

"Well—er—not in the dramatic line. You're rehearsing my last attempt."

"Oh, I do hope it'll be a success," she said earnestly. "Then you'll go on working. It must be rather—rather queer to see us rehearsing a piece you wrote so long ago?"

"It is," said Robert; "very queer." He paused again; he was again abrupt. "Once I knew every line of the three acts by heart!"

She lifted her eyes to him gravely, and didn't speak for a moment. He liked her for not speaking—he saw she understood.

"How it must take you back!" she whispered.

He sighed—and smiled. "So, you see, Mr. Pink probably knows more about your part to-day than the author does! . . . Er, you needn't tell the Company what I've said."

"As if I should!" she exclaimed. "Oh, there's my cue—I must fly!"

"Miss Wilson!" shouted Pink. "Come on, Miss Wilson, please—take up your cues!"

"My fault," called Robert, "*I'm* to blame."

She looked back over her shoulder, smiling at him as she ran, and somehow the rehearsal was more interesting to Robert. The nice girl read the lines he had invented thirteen years before—and, listening to her, he remembered.

Rain was falling when the rehearsal finished, and she hadn't an umbrella. "Which way do you go?" he asked, as the stage-door slammed.

"All Saints," she answered; "Grosvenor Street."

"That's my way too. I want a cab—I can give you a lift."

"A cab?" She was openly astonished. "If you *must* squander money, you can take a penny car. But why not walk?"

"Is that what *you* do in the wet?"

"Well, if I took a cab every time it rained, my salary wouldn't go far, would it?"

"Oh, isn't Peggy going strong!" she laughed. "How do I look?"

DRAWN BY P. R. HOWLING

"I have no idea what your salary is."

"Three pounds," she said frankly. "It isn't much for a leading lady, eh?"

"It isn't much for a leading lady, but it's a good deal for a young girl. In any other business three pounds a week wants a lot of earning."

"Oh, I know," she said. "I've got brothers in the City—they call me 'the millionaire of the family!'"

"Do they like you being on tour alone?"

"Well, you see it was necessary for me to do something; things weren't very bright at home when I grew up. I don't spend all my salary on the

luxuries of the season. ... thirty shillings to my mother every week. I couldn't be any help to her if I were in a clerkship, like the boys."

"But you're fond of the stage, aren't you? You sounded enthusiastic when you floored me with those questions."

She shrugged her shoulders. "At the beginning I was in love with it; I've been in the Profession eight years now. You're giving me all your umbrella!"

"There's no expense attached to that," said Robert.

The cars were full, and she was evidently averse from a cab; so they travelled Oxford Road on foot, keeping close together.

"I suppose you'll go and see a show to-night?" she inquired.

"I hadn't thought of it," he said. "Shall *you?*"

"There's nothing else to do when one isn't playing. It's ghastly sitting in diggings all the evening, isn't it?"

"It must be dull if you're alone," he assented. It occurred to him that his own evening was going to be very dull indeed.

"Oh, I'm not alone; I'm staying with the girl who plays 'Aunt Rachel'; but it's dull anyhow. We thought of asking for seats at the Royal."

"I—I think," said Robert, "that I'll go too. Perhaps I shall see you there? Or we might all go together, mightn't we?"

"Why, yes," she replied, "it would be very nice. Let's!"

"It would be delightful," said Robert. "Yes, Let's!"

They had reached her door, and she asked him if he would come in and have some tea. He said he would. They found the other girl at home, toasting muffins. Miss Wilson toasted muffins. Robert toasted muffins also. They all knelt on the hearth-rug, and toasted muffins together. His hostesses cried that they were "rising in their profession, having the author to tea!" He laughed. He cracked a joke He wondered what people in London would say if they could see him.

The Terpsichorean Gymnast gave him eggs boiled to perfection in the morning, and much better coffee than he got at home. It was rather jolly to sally forth to rehearsal. He entered the theatre with zest to-day. Even he resented less stiffly the vociferous man's calling him "my boy." Miss Wilson's pale face smiled at him as at a friend. He conversed with one or two other members of the Company, and saw his way to inserting a topical allusion in the dialogue. Pink pronounced it "devilish good." Robert the Reviving was gratified that Pink thought his line "devilish good." When he was asked vociferously if he would "come across and have a drink," he didn't say "No." They drank prosperity to the piece in a vulgar bar. And he took back a box of sandwiches, and Peggy Wilson, and "Aunt Rachel," and he, shared them in the stalls

Almost the next thing that Robert realised vividly was that it was Friday. It amazed him how the interval had flown. "Aunt Rachel" had gone over to Bury, where her fiancé was playing at the Royal, and Miss Wilson, left alone, was coming in to tea. Robert had ordered cream with the tea, and Simnel cake. He stood at the window watching for her. The signboard of the "Mechanical Chimney Sweep" did not obtrude itself to him; he was remembering how sadly long it was since he last watched for a girl to come to tea.

But when she turned the corner, he remembered only that he was to have a gracious afternoon. He wheeled the armchair to the hearth for her, and brought her a footstool. She was less talkative than usual. Somehow, the first few minutes were disappointing.

"I have to go on Tuesday," he remarked presently, "and then it'll be all over."

"But you're coming to Ashton-under-Lyne for the production?"

"I don't know; I don't know that I shall be able to. I wish I hadn't to go back—I haven't enjoyed anything so much for years. By the way, I want you to do me a favour—I want you girls to come to supper with me on Monday night. I thought we might go and see a show"—he didn't notice that he was saying "show" again, instead of "theatre"—"and have a little supper here afterwards. I'd suggest a restaurant, but there'd be no time to eat anything before we were turned out."

"What would your landlady say?"

"I've sounded her; I said, 'I suppose you wouldn't mind my bringing two ladies in to supper after the show one evening?' 'Certainly *not*, Mr. Lawless,' she said, 'would you like it hot, or cold?' That's a landlady that *is* a landlady. Will you?"

"We'll see about it," said Miss Wilson.

"You might say 'yes,'" he begged. "Give me a happy memory for the end."

"But it won't be the end; we shall often see you, shan't we, if the piece runs?"

"Perhaps it won't run. And even if it does—I'm a busy man."

"Too busy to think of your pals? What do you do?"

"*Are* we pals?" he questioned. "I'm yours; but are you mine? Really? You've known me such a very little while."

"No longer than you've known me."

"It's not the same thing, though You meet lots of men; I don't meet lots of girls. To me this week has been quite out of the common; to you it's only one out of the fifty-two."

"What do you do in London?" she inquired again. "What are you?"

"A dry stick," said Robert.

"Well, you aren't a dry stick in Manchester!" she said. It was not a brilliant reply, but she couldn't have made one that would have pleased him more.

Yet the tea was a failure. She never ate cake, she told him, somehow she didn't care for tea either this afternoon—she sipped about a quarter of a cupful. He had scarcely stirred his own when she was declaring she must go "You won't think it rude of me if I run away now?" He gave her her muff blankly. A creature of moods, as changeful as an April day. But when she was sunny, *how* sunny! The table looked pathetic to him when she had gone; the signboard of the chimney sweep darkened the road.

Mlle. Superba put the Simnel cake on the top of

HIS FIRST STAG

SHE *(in a hurried whisper)*: "Ah! there he is—a lovely shot. Now, lie down flat—aim for the blade of his shoulder. Mind you have the sight dead on—keep your hand steady, and when you think you're dead sure, you—you——"

BIFFLES *(excitedly)*: "Yes—yes—and then——?"

SHE *(drily)*: "Why! then you let me pull the trigger."

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

(Continued from page 32)

the piano, because there wasn't a sideboard, and it stood there uncovered till it was stale. Then the night of the supper arrived, and there were a galantine, and prawns in aspic, and a mayonnaise—and the first thing the creature of moods did when she came in was to pounce on the stale cake, and devour a slice before she took her hat off.

"Peggy!" exclaimed the other girl, reprovingly.

"I may!" she said, flashing a glance at Robert. Yes, she knew she might—she knew she might do anything she chose there! "I'm going to have more light!" she said, and lit another burner of the gaselier.

Mlle. Superba—arrayed in black silk, with pendant pearls in her ears, and her hair dressed like Truefitt's window—looked in for a moment to ask if all was well. Robert thanked her for doing it so extremely well. Peggy said, sweetly, "I hear *you're* in the Profession too?" The woman was pleased at that. So was Robert—it was nice of Peggy. Because there were no champagne glasses they drank the champagne out of tumblers.

"Didn't I forbid you to be extravagant?" cried Peggy.

He liked "forbid." "Forgive me!" he smiled.

"This once," she laughed. "But you must be very economical in London."

"I shall have no parties like it in London, I assure you."

"Nor I!" said she.

"Do you live in London?"

She threw him a nod; "Crouch End."

"Tell me more," he urged. "And let me give you both some salad!"

"More? Well, once we had a servant. Now we haven't. I do housework when I'm at home—I blacklead the grates. That's why my hands aren't pretty."

"Don't!" he said, pained. Her hands weren't pretty, but he revered them now he knew the reason.

"Peggy!" said the other girl, dismayed. The other girl was obsessed by "manners" when she was out.

"I'm frightfully untidy in the morning. In novels, the poor heroine always has on 'snowy cuffs and collars' with her rags. Pickles! In real life, the poor heroine has to think of the laundry bills. Oh! you'd be disgusted at me in the morning. After the boys have gone, I turn a room out sometimes—my skirt pinned up, and a duster over my head! Can you see me? Mother's not very strong—the cooking's business enough for mother. Then I go up to the agents, and try to get something to do. In a *very* smart costume! with a picture hat—I made it!—and white gloves. Oh! you'd be impressed by Peggy in the afternoon; you wouldn't recognise me in the Strand. You're not seeing my best clothes here, don't think it—I'm in an engagement; I'm stopping the expenses!"

"Peggy!" groaned the other girl again. He divined a kick under the table. "You're coming down to see the dress rehearsal on the 5th, Mr. Lawless?" she struck in.

"It would be a treat to me, but I can't; I've somewhere else to go."

"It would be a 'treat' to him!" pealed Peggy. "We shall be kept in the theatre till about two in the morning—we shall be dog-tired—and *he* would find it a 'treat'! What it is to be young! Where have you to go, Mr. Dramatist?"

"I have to go to a very dull public dinner on the 5th," he said. "I shall think of you, dog-tired in the garden act, when they serve the *chapon rôti*."

"Send us the *chapon rôti*," she said; "it'd be much more use!" She caught the sprigs of parsley from a dish, and stuck them in her hair. "Mother always tried to kill my passion for dress!" she cried.

He proffered her mayonnaise; she said she wanted to play the piano. Though he feared that even a landlady who was a terpsichorean gymnast might have objections to her rattling comic-opera music at midnight, his spirits were high until she forsook the music-stool and sank to reminiscence on the hearth-rug. Then she made his heart ache: she told him some of her vicissitudes—no engagement, no money, no food. His eyes filled as he listened. What this girl had been through!

It was one o'clock. He saw his guests home. "Good-night—good-bye!" He looked at Grosvenor Street for the last time—how familiar it had become! "Don't forget me," he heard himself whisper, clasping Peggy's hand. Her gaze assured him. She went in—the step was desolate; he turned mournfully away.

And as he walked back, to the room where she had been, he knew he was in love—with her, with the Theatre, with the life he used to lead. In the silent streets he saw the naked truth, and he realised that his life was a failure. A man could change his environment, but not himself. He knew he would feel happier earning three pounds a week, like her, on the stage, than he would ever feel as Robert Blackstone, K.C. One musn't say these things; but he knew it—knew that he would rejoice to be a minor actor again, and see Peggy in the morning, and see Peggy every day.

. . . . .

No Flies on Flossie tottered for six nights, died, and was buried. You may read those facts elsewhere; these are facts concerning *No Flies on Flossie* which you may read only here. And in Garden Court, Temple, there was for a long time a distinguished counsel debating a subtle point. He questioned if, when he made a trip to the Past, and grew enamoured of it, he fell in love with a girl, or only with an atmosphere. If it was the atmosphere that lent Peggy enchantment, he would be a fool to choose a wife so different from his friends'. *Per contra*, if he loved Peggy herself, he would be a fool to tramp the room like this, instead of asking her to marry him.

He swore he did love the girl herself.

He trembled lest her halo was the limelight.

And then, having come to a conclusion, he found her advertisement in the *Era*, and wrote asking her to call on him "at Mr. Blackstone's chambers."

She went promptly. The dignified clerk ushered her into Robert's presence, and Robert had never seen that room look so gay.

"How good of you to come!" he exclaimed happily.

"How good of you to think of me!" she said. "I've been 'out' ever since *No Flies* finished. Have

you written another piece, and are you going to offer me a good part in it? I say, you do know swells!"

"Who; Blackstone?"

She nodded. "Do you think he'll come in while I'm here? I was reading about him the other day. Miss Peggy Wilson would be going strong, meeting celebrities of the Bar. This *is* the Blackstone, isn't it, the K.C.?"

"He's a very recent K.C.," murmured Robert. "There's his new wig in that box."

"Oh, do let me!" she said, darting radiantly. "May I?"

"You may even try it on, if you like," said Robert; "he wouldn't mind."

She had her pins out in a second. "Oh, *isn't* Peggy going strong!" she laughed. "How do I look?" And then, turning from the strip of glass, "Why are you so grave all of a sudden—didn't you mean me to?"

"Yes, yes; I was thinking what a fool I had been not to beg you to come sooner," sighed Robert. "Take it off and let me talk to you."

"Serious?"

"Very serious—an engagement."

"You *are* a trump!" she said. "I've wanted one so badly."

"Ah, but you mustn't accept this unless you feel the part; and I hope you won't mind its being a short engagement. Peggy, I love you. I love the ground you walk on, and the clothes you wear, and everything you say and do. Will you be my wife?"

"Oh," she gasped. Her face was colourless.

"Can't you care for me?"

"I do care," she whispered, and——it seemed incredible, yet they were round her, and his heart was thumping like a boy's. "Oh, my sweet!" he stammered, releasing her at last. Just like a boy again—"Oh, my sweet!"

And her colour had come back, and she smiled at him with the smile that no other woman had ever equalled. "Let me put on my hat before Blackstone comes in," she said, joyously; "look what you've done to my hair—it'd give us away."

"Peggy," said Robert, "*I'm* Blackstone."

The smile faded; she stood gazing at him, wide-eyed.

"I called myself 'Lawless' when I wrote that farce, and then I chucked writing and went in for the Bar. I had forgotten all about it for years, when I got Pink's note, but I couldn't resist going down to the Call; I went as a lark, nobody knew me, I thought it wouldn't make any difference. And then I met *you*, Peggy—and it made all the difference in the world! Why don't you laugh?"

"You are a great man," said the girl, solemnly; "you oughtn't to marry me."

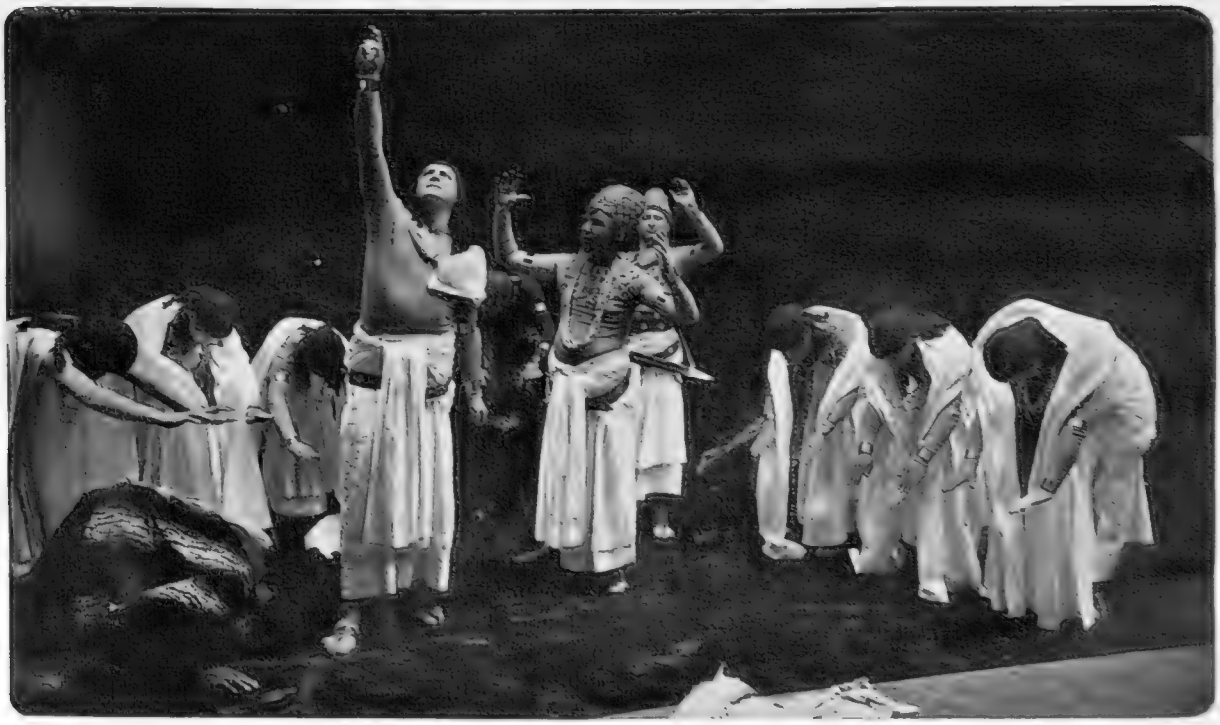
"Oh, my dearest dear," he cried, "don't you understand that I—the real 'I'—am the man you saw there, and that only you do see the real 'me'? London has forgotten the author of that piece, but he didn't die, darling—his heart's just the same, though he looks so different. Robert Blackstone's the man who wears the wig and gown, and can make things right for your mother and the youngsters, and who'll give you a title by and by, my love; but your husband'll be the Bohemian who toasted the muffins, and lodged at Mademoiselle Superba's, the terpsichorean gymnast! You shall have your carriage, and you must come to hear me speak, and I want you to be proud of our position; but at home I shall always be the 'boy' who fell in love with you, Peggy, the 'Bob Lawless' who went to look for his youth—and found it!"

Beyond the open window, the flowers of the garden were bright in sunshine, and the fountain tinkled dreamily. There was a nursemaid with a child among the flowers. He knew, with thanksgiving, that he was doing well to marry.

"Will you kiss me again, sweetheart?"

"Yes," she said—"Bob!"

LEONARD MERRICK.



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Joseph interprets the baker's and butler's dreams

A scene in *Joseph and his Brethren*, a series of Scriptural Tableaux now being produced at the Coliseum

The Library

Mr. Max Pemberton has become a recognised leader in sword and cloak literature. None can tell better than he those delightful romances in which a stirring period of history, with its intrigues and battles, is made to serve as stage, scenery, and footlights, to say nothing of limelight when necessary, for the development of a charming love story. His latest attempt, *The Hundred Days* (Cassell: 6*s.*) is delightfully done, and though one suspects that here and there Mr. Pemberton takes liberties with the Napoleon Bonaparte of the last phase but one, what does it matter? Napoleon helps our pair of lovers, and incidentally helps the book towards a happy ending, so what do we care? And Yvonne de Feyrolles — pretty, impetuous, at one moment as cold and harsh as a March wind, at another as soft and warm as a June zephyr—is a delightful creation, and the expatriated Englishman, Bernard St. Armand, was in every way worthy of her. Decidedly a novel to read and to enjoy. Our only regret is that *The Hundred Days* were not a thousand, for one's enjoyment would then have been longer.

The man who would set out to confute Mr. Gilbert Chesterton must be a very skilled dialectician indeed, for "G. K. C." is not only a maker of paradoxes, but he is a very close and convincing reasoner. Messrs. Pitman have just published, in a new series of reprints they are issuing, an abridged edition, in two volumes, of *Boswell's Johnson*. To this, Mr. Chesterton has written a preface, so clever and so sweetly reasonable for him that the reader is bound to pronounce this last abridgement of Boswell's famous biography a good thing. Of course, Mr. Chesterton, as a *Daily News* man and a Reformer, hammers, as of old and with unmitigated vigour, the age in which he lives and (dare we say it?) which has produced him. This time it is "the sodden and sulky realism which is too common today" that excites his wrath. However, after reading his preface, we have nothing but praise for Messrs. Pitman's newly abridged edition of "Bozzy." Johnson the irritable, the good-natured, the ill-humoured, the witty and the dogmatic, yet always the scholar, still stands out a majestic figure, with this difference, that he can be more easily comprehended. The mental vision of the business or professional man with little time to spare is not put to any strain, for, in "G. K. C.'s" words, this abridgement "is not all of Boswell certainly; but it is the best of him, and much more than any man having read can remember." And, if this is all that is wanted, you have it in these volumes, tastefully bound, and well printed in good, large, readable type. At five shillings, this edition of Boswell is not dear. Messrs. Pitman have also issued in this new series *The Journal of George Fox*, the famous Quaker, who has come down to fame as the "classic passive resister"; and also *The Journal* (abridged) *of John Wesley*. The late Hugh Price Hughes once said that the man "who desires to understand the real history of the English people during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries should read most carefully three books: 'George Fox's Journal,' 'John Wesley's Journal,' and John Henry Newman's 'Apologia Pro Vitâ Suâ.'" Here then is the cultivated reader's opportunity to acquire the first two of these books, which are published in leather (5*s.*) and in paper (1*s.* net). The other book mentioned —Newman's "Apologia"—can be obtained in the Scott Library (Walter Scott) at one shilling. Messrs. Pitman are to be commended, not only on the get-up of their series of reprints, but also on the choice of the books selected. One is tired of seeing advertisements of new series of reprints with the "Vicar of Wakefield" or Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" as a start off. It was time somebody found out there were other classics than these.

The novel still continues to hold its sway, and for every half-dozen books published, fiction will account for about four. We have only space enough left to mention a few by name. *Divers Vanities*, by Arthur Morrison (Methuen: 6*s.*), is a volume of short stories, mostly dealing with that side of London life which the author introduced us to in his "Tales of Mean Streets." *Dilys*, by F. E. Penny (Chatto: 6*s.*), is a romantic story of life in India, in which the gipsies of the Great Dependency play a prominent part. *The Last Chance*, by Rolf Boldrewood (Macmillan: 6*s.*), is a tale of the Australian goldfields in Mr. Boldrewood's well-known style. We can recommend all these as worthy of being put on this week's library list. A litttle book which should be bought is *The Pocket Richard Jefferies* (Chatto and Windus: 2*s.*). It contains extracts from Jefferies various books and essays—just the sort of extracts that will make the reader long to know more of Jefferies. It is good to see this brilliant writer at last coming into his own, and receiving the popular attention which should have been his due and would have sweetened his lot so much while he was living. The book is published in the same form as the "Pocket R. L. S." issued by the same firm, and we hope that it will be as widely read as it deserves to be.

Books to Order This Week

General Literature

In Search of El Dorado: A Wanderer's Experiences. By Alexander Macdonald, F.R.G.S. (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Boswell's Johnson. (Abridged.) With Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. Leather, 2 vols. (Pitman: 5*s.*)

George Fox's Journal. (Pitman: Paper, 1*s.*; leather, 2 vols., 5*s.*)

John Wesley's Journal (Pitman: Paper, 1*s.*; leather, 2 vols., 5*s.*)

The Pocket Richard Jefferies. (Chatto: 2*s.*)

Old Oak Furniture. By Fred Roe. Illustrated. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

New Fiction

The Hundred Days. By Max Pemberton. (Cassell: 6*s.*)

The Last Chance. By Rolf Boldrewood. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

Partners of the Tide. By Joseph C. Lincoln. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)

Divers Vanities. By Arthur Morrison. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

Dilys. By F. E. Penny. (Chatto and Windus: 6*s.*)

The Toll of the Bush. By William Satchell. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

It was with a secret joy that we sat up to the small hours of the morning to finish Mr. Alexander Macdonald's new book, *In Search of El Dorado: A Wanderer's Experiences* (Fisher Unwin: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.). It brought back reminiscences of those romances which were so eagerly sought after during boyhood, and read with such furtive zest — romances in which "Wild Bill" and "Handsome Harry," loaded with an armoury of weapons (spelt "weepins," if memory serves), carried everything before them. It was with a pang that one gave them up for Scott, never to believe in them again. And now Mr. Macdonald has shattered the scepticism we have harboured against these heroes, and we are glad, for in the first few pages of his book, in a description of his arrival at Skagway, on the road to Klondike, he tells us how he was "held up" by Soapy Sam, "a short, red-headed individual, with ruddy countenance to match, who fairly bristled with weapons of the most bloodthirsty description," as soon as he set foot on shore. Samuel showed an undue haste in making the author's acquaintance, and on being told so, he replied: "For a darned Englisher you are mighty pert, an' I won't slaughter you—just yet. Still, for your future benefit, I may tell you that my handle is Soapy Sam, an' I've planted considerable men like you in my time. I'm a bad man, I is, but your ignorance saves ye." Could anything be more delightful? The author's wanderings have led him all over the world digging for gold, silver, opals, and gum. The wonderful characters he has met are vividly drawn, and his two companions, Mac and Stewart, are men one would like to shake hands with. The finest thing in the book is the description of the journey over the Chilcoot Pass, and this is illustrated with an admirable photograph which gives one an idea of the terrors of travelling in that frozen country that pages of description could not do. We can conscientously say that we have had as much pleasure from this book as from the half-dozen best novels of the year. G. F. J.

A Bookman's Gossip

From Spring to Autumn

Now that the autumn flowers of fiction are rearing their heads above the ground in such profusion, the thought occurs to one: What of the novels that bloomed in the spring? Alas! when we look around us we are impressed with the fact that most of them have faded and died, and, like all the pomp of Nineveh and Tyre, are "one with yesterday." There is no doubt—and publishers are becoming increasingly alive to the fact—that the life of the average novel is steadily shortening, until it is likely to become a matter of a week or two, instead of, as at present, say three months. And, note you, it has got to be a novel of considerable merit to last anything like three months. Who, for example, is talking to-day of the "Vicissitudes of Evangeline," by Mrs. Elinor Glyn, which, back in April, was the subject of so much discussion? What of "Baccarat," by Frank Danby? Why the very mention of the name seems to throw the memory back, not months, but years! "The Mask," by Mr. William Le Queux (announced as his "best novel"), does not seem to pique interest to-day, but so many stories by this same author have appeared, either serially or in book form, since the spring, that this is scarcely to be wondered at. Then there is "Peter's Mother," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture, which was well to the front in April and May, and "A Spoiler of Men," by Mr. Richard Marsh, not to mention "Heirs of Reuben," by Mr. Chris Healy, and "Shining Ferry," by Mr. Quiller Couch, and scores of others by novelists more or less eminent—all of which may be reckoned with the butterflies of the season. Some few of them may enjoy a further spell of popularity in the sixpenny form, but for most not even this later brief happiness is reserved. Indeed, one has only to take a fairly consistent interest in fiction to realise that the monthly magazine enjoys about as long a spell of life as the average novel; and that some day new novels by writers of repute will be issued in the form of weekly publications—dailies, perhaps!—a complete novel occupying one number, as for many years used to be the feature of *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Mr. Bram Stoker

The well-known novelist and literary adviser to Sir Henry Irving, whose latest novel, "The Man," has just been published by Messrs. Heinemann

When Woman Proposes

Mr. Bram Stoker is one of the most versatile of our novelists. You can never quite reckon as to where you will have him in the next book he produces. With anyone but a man of Mr. Stoker's brilliant gifts this would be a disadvantage, as the public likes to know exactly what to expect from its favourites. It is enough, however, that we may always rely upon being entertained by anything from Mr. Stoker's pen. Those of us who have read most of his books from that somewhat mystical production, "Under the Sunset," to his weird "Dracula," are apt to expect from him something that touches the supernatural, or is, at least uncanny in its association. Indeed, "Dracula" has become almost synonymous in recent fiction with the gruesome. But there is nothing grim or grisly in his latest novel, "The Man" (Heinemann: 6s.), which will, I fancy, prove one of the successful books of this season. It is quite unusual, both in conception and in treatment, and is written with Mr. Stoker's unfailing grace and vivacity of manner. The novelist has been very careful to prepare the reader by his ingenious description of the peculiar circumstances in which his heroine has been reared to make feasible the idea of woman proposing.

Mr. Bram Stoker

Not only in his literary work, but in his whole career, has Mr. Bram Stoker given evidence of remarkable versatility. He is a graduate of Dublin University, and served for a good number of years in the Irish Civil Service, being, at the time of his resignation, Inspector of Petty Sessions. But he had, meanwhile, been engaged in different literary enterprises, writing a good deal for the Press in literary, art, and dramatic criticism, and editing a Dublin evening paper; which indicates that the Irish Civil servant cannot be harassed with too much official work. It was in 1878 that Mr. Stoker joined Sir Henry Irving, when the later took over the management of the Lyceum Theatre, and he has continued with him ever since, chiefly as literary adviser. Among his diversions, after coming to London, was to study for the Bar, but, although he is a member of the Inner Temple, I am not aware that he has ever practised. A splendid specimen of the brawny Irishman, it is not surprising to know that during his college days he took a foremost place, not only in his studies, but in athletics, being the champion athlete of the University. His long residence in London has not robbed him in the least of his rich Irish brogue.

Byron in Fiction

Mr. Frankfort Moore, who, by the way, is a brother-in-law of Mr. Bram Stoker, has also sent out a new novel this autumn, and one which should attract a good deal of attention. It is in the same vein as "The Jessamy Bride," which I consider not only Mr. Moore's best, but one of the finest novels

of the last ten years. The title of his new book is "He Loved but One," and it is a romance based on the love-story of Lord Byron and Mary Chaworth. If one were sufficiently interested in the comparative merits of English and American fiction, I should advise the reading of "The Castaway," a novel by Miss Hallie Erminie Rives, an American writer, which had a huge success last year, and which is also concerned with the love-story of Byron, to be followed by a reading of Mr. Frankfort Moore's new work. Nothing could better illustrate how not to do it, and how to do it; for in every detail is Mr. Moore's romance admirable. Mr. Moore has been happily inspired in his subject, and "He Loved but One" will certainly rank with his best.

Mr. Frankfort Moore's Heroine

An incident in connection with the serial publication of his novel, which Mr. Moore mentioned to me at the time, is worth relating. He had described a picture hanging in a certain position in Annesley Hall, merely for the purpose of his story, and without having any actual warranty for doing so. Oddly enough, after he had written this chapter, he discovered, on visiting Annesley for the first time, that just such a picture as he had imagined was actually hanging in that position! I am glad to be able to give a reproduction of a charming little miniature of Mary Chaworth, which is in the possession of a Nottingham friend of mine. It shows Mr. Frankfort Moore's heroine in the flower of her youth and beauty. "If I had married Miss Chaworth, perhaps the whole tenor of my life might have been different," wrote Byron. One may take leave to doubt that; but, at least, it is true that throughout his stormy career, the memory of his youthful love for Mary Chaworth was always an inspiration to him, and had a distinct influence on his poetry, elevating and hallowing his thoughts at times to a greater degree, perhaps, than if she had ever been his wife.

Mary Chaworth: Byron's first love

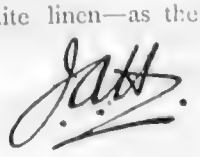
Who is the heroine of Mr. Frankfort Moore's new novel, "He Loved but One." Our illustration is reproduced from a miniature in the possession of a Nottingham family

Book Prices and Ignorance

Some little time ago Mr. Andrew Lang was urging on English publishers the consideration of the French system of issuing new books at three shillings in paper wrappers, and mentioned the fact that commercial houses still address letters to the "Port of Moscow," as having some connection with his assertion that "people do not read." Now, there is a great deal of nonsense talked to-day about people not reading. The public *does* read, and even if it chiefly reads the newspapers, still it is in the way of acquiring much valuable information and some genuine literature as well. Mr. Andrew Lang writes much in the newspapers. Rather do people read too much, and fail to take that bovine leisure for the chewing of the cud of their reading, which is more important than the reading itself. I would set down to insular self-sufficiency the ignorance in respect to "Port of Moscow" (which is news to me), just as the average American is not aware of the fact that the postage on a letter to England is five cents. In many ways the Yankee is more insular than we Islanders. As a provincial editor for some years, I must have answered hundreds of times the question, "Is London a seaport?" and "Is England a peninsula?" But these questions did not arise from want of reading; from want of understanding rather. As to cheapening books on the French plan, I have never believed in it. Books are better published in a good binding, as thus are publishers always on their mettle for improving the appearance of their volumes, and it saves the buyer a good deal of trouble to procure his book tastefully bound, instead of having to take it to a binder to clothe for him. As a matter of fact, an English book, well bound, which sells at 4*s.* 6*d.*, is cheaper than a French book in paper wrapper at 3 francs 50 cent.

Lucky Colours

I have long had it in my mind to say a word on the colour of book-covers, a matter that exercises the thoughts of publishers more than the ordinary reader might suppose. Even the books of our novelists, whose reputations are established beyond all such adventitious aid as the outward attractiveness of their works, are usually issued in some distinctive binding. Miss Corelli's books are generally bound in blue cloth; Mr. Hall Caine's, in a ruddy brown; Mr. Barrie's, in dark blue buckram (thick boards and bulking paper, as they are all so short); Mr. Crockett's, invariably, in dark green. But, generally speaking, the colour which publishers believe in is red. I would venture the guess that seventy-five per cent. of the novels issued last year were bound in red. It is supposed to be the most serviceable colour, as it does not soil readily, and is always noticeable. In a word, it is the "lucky" colour; but the fact that it is so greatly run upon would suggest that any colour which would be in contrast ought now to attract attention. It is seldom wise to produce a dainty book that is liable to soil—say, in white linen—as the bookseller will not stock it. I have known of several excellent works which were failures for this reason.



GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

THE UNITED STATES OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

Willie Anderson, U.S.A. Champion

The second of the great golfing events of the United States has just been played, to wit, the Open Championship, and has been won by Willie Anderson. By winning again this year, Anderson has emulated the feat of his great namesake, Jamie Anderson, for this is the third successive win to his credit. Altogether, out of the eleven occasions on which the American Open Championship has been contested, Anderson can claim four successes. This is indeed a great feat in these days, when golf is as popular in America as it is here, and marks Anderson out as the best professional over there. He hails from North Berwick, I understand, and that being so, it is not surprising that he should be as fine a player as he is, for the North Berwick links have been instrumental in producing some of our finest players for generations. From the days of Davy Strath and the Dunns to Ben Sayers on the professional side, and from Sir Robert Hay and Robert Chambers to Mr. Laidlay, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Ross, Mr. Gairdner, and the Brothers Hunter, we have a long line of first-class players, all bred and nurtured on that glorious course.

Willie Anderson
Who has just won the United States Golf Open Championship, this being his third successive win

America's Lack of Native Professionals

It is curious to reflect that, though the American Championship dates from 1895, no native American player has yet figured on the list of winners. While America is producing plenty of fine amateurs, such as the Egans, Mr. Byers, and Mr. Travis (who though Australian by birth is, *quâ* golfer, a pure American product), and many others almost as good, hitherto she has failed to breed any native professionals of first-class rank. The cause of this must, I think, lie in the fact that, up to the present, America has imported nearly all her professionals from this side. A glance at the list of winning names in the United States Open Championship shows us a vast majority of Scottish origin. The Americans, being an eminently practical people, evidently considered that the best means of acquiring golf was to import thoroughly trained experts from the United Kingdom. They were thus certain to start the game on a sound basis, and to have the best living models for imitation by their own players while still *in statu pupillari*.

Golf and Steel: A Comparison

The result of this has been excellent in the case of the amateurs, but it has been disastrous so far for the native American professional. No doubt the same evolution will take place in this respect as happened in the case of steel. After being for years and years our best customers for steel, the Americans suddenly came to the conclusion that they would produce their own steel, and became in a very short time our most strenuous and successful competitors in the production of that great article of commerce. So we may confidently expect that before many more years have passed, we shall witness the rise of a great school of American native-born professionals, who will band themselves together into a powerful association, bring pressure to bear on Congress, and have the foreign golf expert put on the tariff at a prohibitive rate. So my friends from St. Andrews, North Berwick, Carnoustie, and Musselburgh, make hay while the sun shines, for you are having your best time now, and the lean years will surely come when the dreaded motto will be hung up over the American golf workshops and clubs, "No foreigner need apply."

Sartorial Evidences of Prosperity

That the sun has been shining to a pretty considerable extent for some years on the Scottish-American professionals is amply evidenced by the remarkable air of prosperity which all of them wear when they revisit their native shores. Anything more magnificent than the raiment with which Willie Anderson and Willie Smith delighted and dazzled our eyes at St. Andrews this year cannot well be imagined. Had their play been as brilliant as their apparel, the Championship would never have been secured by Braid. Happily, even in this respect, we were not quite put to shame; for, for every fresh suit and cigar that the two Scottish-Americans produced, Tom Vardon countered them by going one better, his cigars being a little longer, his suits even more superb, while the ever-fresh orchid in his button-hole clinched the matter in his favour. My heartiest congratulations go to Willie Anderson on his superb performance in winning a third time in succession.

Ernest Lehmann

Lawn Tennis: A Retrospect

By H. S. SCRIVENER.

The International Interest Predominant

The season which has just come to an end has been so entirely dominated by what I may term the American and Australian invasion, that its history seems to have begun, continued, and ended in a chronicle of the doings of our distinguished visitors. And, after all, it is quite natural that this should be so, for, apart from those doings, there has been little or nothing of exceptional interest to arrest our attention. The play has had a successful run, and the leading actors in it have performed their parts with credit; time has added to, rather than impaired, their skill, and yet, however satisfied we may be with the performance as a whole, we cannot help wishing that there had been a few more competent understudies in the cast, just to assure us that when the old hands drop out, their rôles will be adequately filled. As things are at present, we cannot point with confidence to anyone, with the exception of A. F. Wilding, and perhaps of H. N. Marrett, if he can find sufficient time, among the men, and Miss Eastlake Smith among the women, who is likely to prove equal to this.

The Game

And yet, on the other hand, there can be no question that the game itself is going ahead. Of the hold which it has obtained, and the progress which it has made, in nearly every civilised portion of the globe, it is unnecessary to speak—only the other day I was asked to decide a knotty point which arose in connection with the Championship of the Island of Mauritius—but in the United Kingdom itself, the number of people who play tennis, not merely for amusement, or for the sake of the exercise, but, as it were, in a competitive spirit, and with the desire to improve, if not to excel, is increasing year by year. The list of tournament fixtures grows and grows, and while, speaking generally, there are entries enough for them all, the stress of competition is just heavy enough to keep them up to the mark, with the result that we get better courts, better management, and so on, than we did a few years back. The public, too, are beginning to recognise that lawn tennis yields to no other game from a spectacular point of view, and that plenty of amusement can be obtained from watching matches even between moderately good players. I am not sure that the handicap business is not being a bit overdone; the good players, I know, are beginning to tire of incessant handicap play, and I think that any tournament which cannot go in for the full number of local events, and handicaps as well, might find it pay to cut down the latter instead of the former. Especially would I like to see more Men's Doubles (level), and I attribute the fact that there are so few pairs—in the sense of pairs who play regularly together—at the present time to the comparative neglect with which this most fascinating branch of the game is treated by tournament organisers.

Photo by *G. and R. Lavis*

Miss Eastlake Smith

Who has a very *chic* appearance on a tennis court

The Players

Turning to the players themselves, we may congratulate ourselves on having as our champion, a player who is a little better than the best that other countries can send against us. H. L. Doherty has not proved absolutely invincible, for he was beaten by Brookes in the "friendly"—to borrow a football expression—

between England and Australasia at Wimbledon. On the other hand, he beat Brookes in th Championship and Ward and Larned in the Davis Cup, and in partnership with "R. F." was unbeaten in Doubles. As regards "R. F.," I still adhere to my opinion that he is as good as, if not a shade better than, his younger brother, and if he had played in the Championship I don't think Brookes would have won the All-Comers'. As it was, he was debarred from five-set matches by the doctor's orders. He, however, played a good number of practice matches with the invaders, and I believe it to be the fact that he was never once beaten by any of them. As regards America and Australasia, the Americans went back as soon as the Davis Cup Competition was over, whereas Brookes, Dunlop, Parker, and Murphy stayed on, so that Brookes, at any rate, has been more prominently before us than the Yankees. But, as a matter of fact, the honours have been about even, with the balance inclining, if anything, to the American side. The Americans came over with the object of winning the Davis Cup back, and I believe that, true to the American principle of attending strictly to the business in hand, they did not "go all out" for the Championship, and that this explains their comparative failure therein. In the Davis Cup they did not allow Australia to win a single match, and both Larned and Wright proved equal to the task of tackling Brookes. Wright also beat Brookes in the London Championship, but their match in the Cup was such a gruelling one, that the substitution in Singles of Ward for Wright in the challenge round against England was probably a wise move. The challenge round, as we all know, was a bit of a squeak for England, for, although she won all the five matches, four of them ran to five sets. The general impression was that Wright was the best all-round man on the American side; and this has since been confirmed by his victory in the United States Championship, in which he beat, among others, Clarence Hobart, Larned, and Ward. Brookes, in the course of a lengthy visit, has been beaten twice by Wright, and once each by "H. L.," Smith, Larned, Dunlop, and Hillyard (on gravel at Dinard), while his long list of victories include three over Smith, two over Riseley, and one over "H. L."; and I am not sure that 1905 might not appropriately be termed "Brookes' year."

H. S. S.

(To be continued)

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

H. L. Doherty

"H. L." has not proved absolutely invincible this year, having been beaten by Brookes in a "friendly" at Wimbledon

Photos by

N. E. Brookes

Who has gained such a long list of victories that 1905 might almost be called "Brookes' year"

G. and E. Mayo

H. N. Marrett

One of the most promising of the coming generation of players

AN UNBEATEN FRENCH TWO-YEAR-OLD

"Prestige," which won the "Grand Criterium," at the Bois de Boulogne, in great style last week
This promising two-year-old belongs to Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, and has not yet been beaten

A SUCCESSFUL SEND-OFF FOR NEWBURY

Inaugural meeting at Newbury Racecourse

Although the weather did its best to spoil things, the inaugural meeting at Newbury attracted an enormous crowd, and was in every way a great success. An excellent train service made light of the fifty-three miles between London and the little Berkshire town. The new course and stands represent the last word in modern appointments

TENNIS

Peter Latham Ted Johnson

Two famous exponents of the old and comparatively rare game of tennis proper.
Who last week played a handicap game at Queen's Club, in which Johnson (receiving 15 for a bisque) was successful by three sets to two

The Neglect of Tennis Proper

While, as Mr. H. S. Scrivener tells us on another page, the game of Lawn Tennis is increasing in popularity by leaps and bounds every year, the old game of Tennis proper has so few adherents that there are only about thirty courts in all England, while France has only six. But few people have ever seen it played. However, those who play it speak and write of it with rare enthusiasm, and we may remind those who wish to see a game that the professional Championship, which will be contested by Peter Latham and "Punch" Fairs, will shortly take place, the first half at Queen's, October 7, the second at Prince's, October 14.

New Zealand v. Leicester

COLONIAL RUGBY TEAM CONTINUE THEIR CAREER OF VICTORY

New Zealand converts a try

The visitors defeat England's strongest Rugby team by five goals one try to love. This is the fifth of their remarkable series of victories in this country, and gives them a record of 197 points to 4. The game was wildly fast and exciting, and the Colonials found their opponents stronger than any they have previously encountered

"Held"—the Leicester scrimmage forming up

Opinion is divided as to the reason for the New Zealand team's superiority. Some say their scheme of playing a wing-forward has proved very confusing to their opponents, but the general concensus of opinion among experts is that the New Zealanders are more thoroughly trained, while their combination is more perfect

A Cruiser-Battleship

H.M.S. "NATAL," LAUNCHED AT BARROW ON SATURDAY

[illegible] The "Natal" taking the water [Illustrations Bureau

The "Natal" is a novelty in our naval construction, a cruiser which is half a battleship. Her armament is heavier, and her guns are bigger than those of an ordinary cruiser, and [illegible] long, has a displacement of [illegible] tons, and a speed of [illegible] knots. The Duke of Devonshire, after the vessel had left the ships, congratulated Mr. Vickers, on the success of the launch and on the [illegible] energy and ability of Messrs. Vickers, Maxim and Co., whom he termed a "supplementary branch of the Navy."

The Growth of the Motor Industry

[illegible] [illegible]

Special train run by L. & N. W. R. from Glasgow to London made up of thirty-one trucks carrying Argyll cars for the new depôt

[illegible]

A Few Words to Followers of Hunts

THIS season THE BYSTANDER intends, as heretofore, to give special prominence to the King of Sports—

HUNTING.

Last season, we may say, perhaps without being accused of undue pride, that our hunting pages were without parallel in the history of illustrated journalism, both in regard to the thoroughness with which the sport was followed, and the number and the quality of the photographs we published. But, though this journal employs a staff of expert photographers, we recognise that the co-operation of our readers is necessary to enable us to cover all the ground with the thoroughness we should like. How many of our readers attend a meet of hounds, and take snapshots which are never destined to be published for the edification of the world at large? There is never a meet but one finds ardent amateurs with their cameras, and to these we address ourselves.

We propose to start with our next number (which, appropriately enough, is our Hunting Number) a

Competition for Amateur Photographers

For six weeks we shall keep this Competition open. All competitors will be asked to do is to forward us snapshots of hunting scenes. It matters nothing where the hunt may be, but the photograph must have been taken subsequent to the start of the Competition. Further particulars will be announced next week, but meantime we may say that, for the photograph which, in the judgment of the Editor, is the best submitted, we shall present as First Prize a delightful little

Pony Carriage, Value £16 16s.,

built by Messrs. J. B. Huxley and Co., Ltd., the well-known carriage-builders of Whitchurch, Salop. An illustration of the car will appear next week. In addition to this, a large number of photographs will be published from among those sent in, and for every photograph so selected we will pay 5*s*.

Look out for next week's "Bystander," which will contain full particulars of this new Competition

A POISONED TROUT STREAM

Photo by *Frith*

The River Derwent at Matlock, one of the finest trout and grayling streams in the Kingdom

Four miles of the above river have been poisoned by some agency at present unknown. The fish are dying off in shoals. The destruction was only discovered last week. The local authorities from Darleydale to Matlock are hard at work tracing the cause of the poisoning, and a sample trout has been sent to the County Medical Officer for analysis

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Open Sesame!

During the past week or ten days practically all the representative modistic doors have been opened to my knock, consequently am I primed up with information. A vogue of the hour that clings to my memory most lovingly is the velvet coats and skirts. Around the success of the tailor-made velvet gown there hangs no shadow of doubt. Also is velvet playing a notably conspicuous part in the latest evening toilettes from Paris, mostly in the guise of trains slung round the figure—I have no other way in which to describe the effect—with crossed folds, to simulate the short corsage of the First Empire. The front, or rather under-dress, is usually of satin, literally moulded to the figure, which is "half revealed and half concealed" in the wholly daring character of the Empress Josephine period. This, at any rate, is the dictate of one big authority, while another is equally assertive with the full befrilled skirt and pointed bodice of Louis Seize.

Now read, mark, learn, and note my prophecy. Ere we know, the craze of the hour will be the new short, sacque coat, which is not, as a matter of fact, a sacque at all. The back is distinctly defined, and the shortened waist is a prominent feature, while the fronts are obviously shapely, although they are allowed to escape the form. This coatee, I am persuaded, is the most serious rival the bolero has ever had to face, nor is its value in any way lessened by the comforting reflection that the enterprising wholesale manufacturers will have none of it. To them it is the subtle, semi-fit, unobtainable *caviare*, and it is good indeed, in these days of cheap plagiarisms, to be able to hold something sacred.

Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove

"The very best shop in London!" How frequently one hears that flattering criticism of this old-established Oxford Street firm, which has never permitted itself to be passed in the race by younger rivals. It stands to-day, as it always did, at the top of the tree, renowned for unerring taste and unimpeachable integrity, and with the very happiest faculty for avoiding the commonplace on the one hand and the bizarre on the other.

The mantle department is always a particularly liberal education, and this season it appeals to me as more than ever overflowing with delightful surprises. The show of *récherché* velvet cloaks is particularly good. Positively regal is a Nattier blue embossed velvet, carrying a wide stole of Russian sable; and of really classical beauty, a geranium-pink chiffon velvet, the wide armholes outlined by a finger-depth of dark fur, from out which emerge flowing sleeves. About the shoulders there is introduced, in the form of a yoke, some beautiful gold embroidery, while the loose fronts are held in place by a little folded vest of the velvet.

Of genuinely artistic *genre*, also, is the dainty evening coat pictured, a tasteful thing of pale grey mousseline de soie, trimmed silver-embroidered lace and a plethora of silk danglements, a line of sable tail, and a lining formed entirely of deep flounces of white chiffon, completing a wholly irresistible model. This looks as though it had been tossed together by fairy fingers, while the back view, selected by Miss Pleydel Young as the most effective aspect, discloses the miraculous way in which the sleeves are manœuvred out of the folds. One may well pause and wonder over the heights attained under latter-day aspiring satorialism.

For young ladies' wear, Messrs. Marshall are pioneering the dearest little Burnous cloaks, in fine *souple* cloths, hung about with heavy silk cords—a flattering recognition on their part of the claims of the Second Empire. And it is, I am sure, most superfluous to add, that the fur models here are ever as *sans reproche*, the short-fitted coat coming in for significant approval.

As a Motorist

More forcibly than ever was I made to realise this very week that, for winter motoring, leather is the one and only practical medium for effectually keeping out the cold. It was during a run up to Nottingham, on the Great North Road, that this conviction was borne in upon me once again, the atmosphere from Hatfield lowering perceptibly with every mile we went further north. It was a glorious spin, and, for what it is worth, here is information of two new police traps, one this side of Grantham, and two, very close together, when you have passed through the town. In addition to being new, these traps are particularly nasty ones, but happily all good and true motorists know to a nicety their whereabouts, thanks be to the honour that prevails among the fraternity. A common cause does, indeed, make us wondrous kind.

But I was talking about leather, and have to tell in particular of the value of the new *souple* quality.

For every purpose this is very naturally superseding the old-time heavy weight, though in the cause of blouses it has saved the whole situation. With an intrepidity that did us credit, we honestly tried to believe in the finality of that stiff, hard-dressed leather, and we possibly should have fought with it to the end, lacking any other. I certainly should have done so, for my belief in this natural production is complete, but the gods are kind to those who believe, and the fine *souple* quality that has recently arrived is simply incomparable.

There is a feeling that is truly feminine for pastel tints. Among other blouse models, I was shown a pastel pink, with collar and facings of a natural suéde tint, while a champagne was effectively contrasted with Royal blue. These, however, are scarcely workaday possessions, and will only appeal to the elect few, those with whom motoring is a serious pursuit selecting the more serviceable navys, greens, and fawns.

A Beautiful Evening Coat

(Sketched at Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove's by K. Pleydel Young)

More Paquin Persuasions

At the play *presented* by Mr. Charles Frohman on September 27, entitled *On the Quiet*, admittedly the most lovely gowns were those worn by Miss Pauline French, and designed and executed by the inimitable Paquin.

There is a peculiarly correct and exquisite Empire creation of green embroidered tulle, trimmed with velvet the same shade, and made over white mousseline de soie. A little Malines lace is introduced on the short puffed sleeves, while the corselet is of embroidered gold ribbon.

Miss French also wears a day costume, quite equally desirable, of Vieux-rose cloth, the full skirt trimmed with arabesques of silk braid the same shade, and the corsage draped from the shoulders and crossed in front over a *gilet* of pearl-grey velvet, a chemisette of white Malines lace, and caught with two quaint oxydised buckles. The grey velvet again is introduced in the form of revers to the elbow sleeves, above frills of Malines lace, an exquisitely draped belt of soft silk defining the waist, and concluding an wholly exquisite story.

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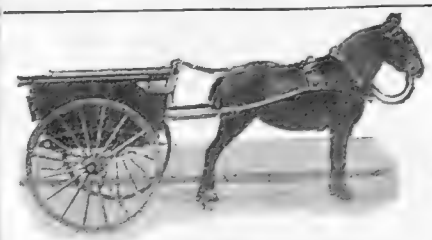

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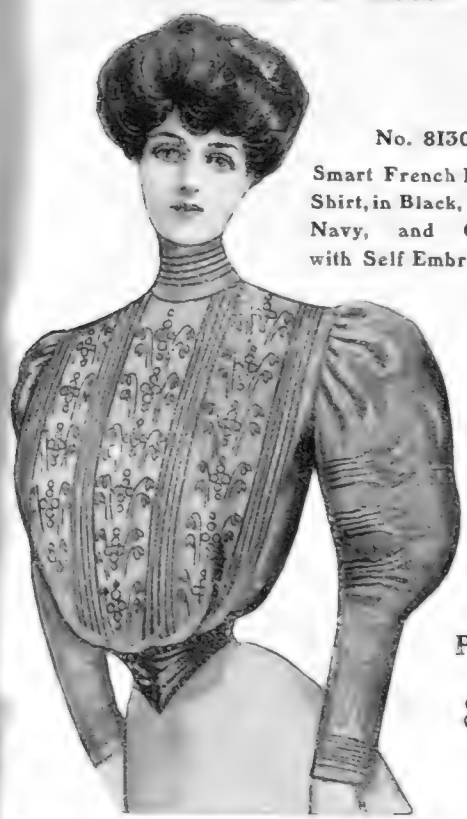

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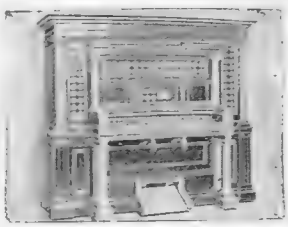

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A Woman's Note Book

The American Girl and the Word "Obey"

Here is a chance for the modern maiden of ultra-independence who wishes to get married and yet keep up all the appearance of freedom which is to be found, or *supposed* to be found, in the state of single blessedness. In America, we read, "In marriage services which admit of alteration, the word 'obey' is said to be omitted now more often than it is used. The American man tends towards reason and good humour. For him to wear, in the affairs of every-day, that autocratic and solemn demeanour which an English husband not infrequently exhibits would be forbidden by his conception of the ridiculous." It is not, evidently, that the English husband *expects* to be obeyed any more than the American one; but only that he is anxious to uphold his rights even if he cannot enforce them, though it may be at the cost of making a fool of himself. There is, perhaps, truth in the statement that Englishmen have not, as a rule, a very great sense of humour; but I think the "autocratic and solemn demeanour," which they are supposed to wear after entering into the joys and worries of matrimony, is a distinct libel on them. Why, not one man in a thousand could be bothered to uphold his dignity in this alarming and highly grotesque manner, nor would any sensible husband wish to inflict such a gloomy weight of authority upon his wife.

The English Husband not so Black as Painted

When, however, a man is autocratic by nature, and takes a pride in exerting authority merely for the very silly reason that he can do so if he chooses, this is a part of his whole nature, and shows itself in every relationship; it is certainly not a sudden characteristic which appears when he puts the ring upon his bride's finger. I do not think we should find many bridegrooms in this country who would feel greatly perturbed if the word "obey" did not happen to form part of the marriage service. Whatever differences may arise later, it is certainly not to be imagined that the idea of primary importance in a man's mind on his marriage morning is that his wife shall do what he tells her.

England the Land of Happy Marriages

However, from the autocratic husbands' point of view, I do not think that the expunged word will make any difference to their authority. We all know women are famed for breaking promises they do not want to keep. If a girl does not "honour" her husband, it is to be feared that the "obey" is of little avail; if, however, she fulfils the former condition, it is hardly likely that she will go against his reasonable wishes, because they are called advice instead of command. Indeed, I think the chances of success are all with the husband who prefers to give counsel rather than to exert authority. Woman always has been, and always will be, a rebellious creature, and for one woman who will "give in," a hundred will allow themselves to be advised, which is often the same thing, only it sounds so much nicer. Nevertheless, the fact that there are so many happy marriages in England, although there has never been any serious opposition to that dreadful word "obey," leads one to suppose that it does not materially affect the welfare of the wives, nor render the husbands unbearably self-important. At any rate, girls continue to say it very cheerfully.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: SOME ECONOMICAL WHITE SOUPS

White Stock

Potage à la Palestine

Milk Soup Celery Soup

WHITE STOCK

Two pounds knuckle of veal, three pints water, one onion, one bay-leaf, half head of celery, six peppercorns, salt, bunch of herbs. Cut the veal into small pieces, put in cold water, and simmer four hours, strain, and, when cold, remove the fat. White stock can also be made from fowls or rabbits, but the Palestine Soup and the Vegetable Marrow Soup—the recipes of which I am giving below—are equally good made without stock, only with the addition of milk, and, of course, a little cream is an improvement.

POTAGE À LA PALESTINE

Two pounds of Jerusalem artichokes, one quart milk, one onion (six cloves stuck in it), 1 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour, whole pepper, salt, one gill cream. Peel the artichokes, weigh them, boil in salted water till tender, pulp through a sieve. Boil the onion, cloves, and pepper, in the milk. When well flavoured, strain it. Melt the butter in a stewpan, stir in the flour, then gradually the milk and artichoke pulp, boil it up, stirring well all the time, lastly stir in the cream. Add more milk if the soup is too thick.

MILK SOUP

Two pounds of potatoes, two leeks or Spanish onions, two quarts of boiling water, one pint of milk, 2 oz. of butter, three dessertspoonfuls of crushed tapioca, pepper and salt to taste. The potatoes and leeks must be peeled and put into two quarts of boiling water, in which they must continue to boil until quite tender; pass both water and vegetables together through a sieve, and put them back into the stewpan; now add the milk, butter, and seasoning; place it on the fire and keep stirring, at the same time sprinkling in the crushed tapioca; another ten minutes' boiling will be necessary, after this is all added, to cook the tapioca; then serve. Care must be taken to keep stirring till the end, or the tapioca will stick together and be lumpy.

CELERY SOUP

Take the white part of four heads of celery and cut into pieces about an inch long, and put them into a saucepan with two onions peeled and sliced thin, 4 oz. of lean ham cut into dice, and one pint of nicely flavoured white stock. Boil until the vegetables are sufficiently soft to pulp them, press them through a sieve and return them to the saucepan; add three pints more stock, 2 oz. of butter, a seasoning of salt, white pepper, and two tablespoonfuls of flour, which have been moistened to a thin, smooth paste with a little cold stock or water. Boil again for half an hour, then skim if necessary, and add a teacupful of boiling milk or cream. Serve with fried bread.

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That can corner at 'Quit,'
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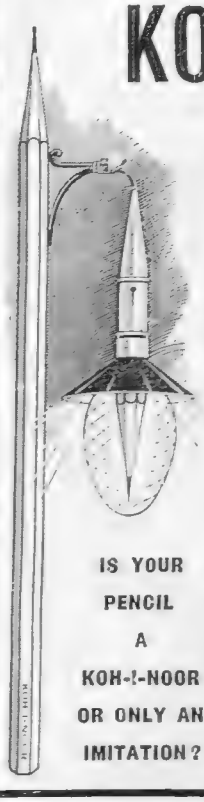

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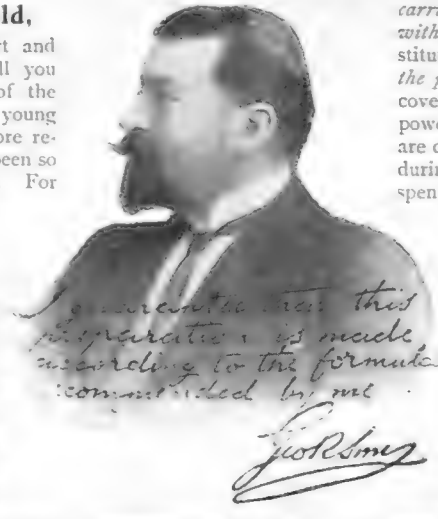

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Memories

Do many motorists, in these days of powerful four-cylinder cars, ever regret their earlier mounts? Personally, I still remember, with affection, a light, single-cylinder car, which served me well: a small Renault, fitted with a 9 h.-p. De Dion engine. Reliability and small upkeep-cost were its features. With a little care, outer covers lasted quite twelve months. The consumption of petrol was reasonable, frequently thirty miles on a gallon; a small reservoir of lubricating oil sufficed for a hundred miles. Its automatic inlet-valve never got clogged; the exhaust-valve never required grinding. With but one plug to clean, the penalty for over-lubrication was a light one. Road stops were infrequent, and seldom took more than a few minutes. A trifle noisy, maybe, especially on the first and second speeds, but a willing worker—never failing to carry four people over all sorts of country; geared to touch thirty miles on the level, its average, with a full load, was invariably just round twenty miles an hour. That car never had a day's illness, and one was hardly aware of the existence of the clutch, gear-box, and back axle.

The Despised Single-Cyl

The time came, of course, when, trusty, handy single-cylinder, one through the two-cylinder stage, and proud possessor of the fashionab

Remembering how economical and easy to keep order the little car was, sometimes one doubts wheth the bigger car has many material advantages, especial in the case of the man who has no chauffeur. Th even turning movement of four pistons does admitted attract. Just a flutter, as of many sparrows, is all th comes from the bonnet, but there is not much els eight mechanically operated valves require kee pi clean; there are four plugs to cause trouble; som times there is a difficulty in getting the four cylinde to fire in time; engine troubles take longer to locat running expenses are, of course, much heavie while one goes a little faster, the tyres wear out much sooner that road delays, due to the capricio pneumatic, are more frequent.

The Motor-Car in Warfare: The first car to carry searchlight used in the recent military manœuvres
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Laziness Sits Now at the Wheel

The unfashionable single-cylinder was harder t drive; the little available power necessitated car Jumping in the clutch meant another turn of th starting handle. To climb well required careful us of the gas-tap as you approached the gradient. Th advance spark wanted judgment. In fact, one wa always on the *qui vive* to help your little engine wi ust t t amount of gas, spark advance, an brica . But that necessity for judgment ga dri alf its charm. Nowadays, the lazy ma th ilf an may sit at the wheel of th f r A gear-driven lubricator, onc jus ttention; the magneto, doubtles

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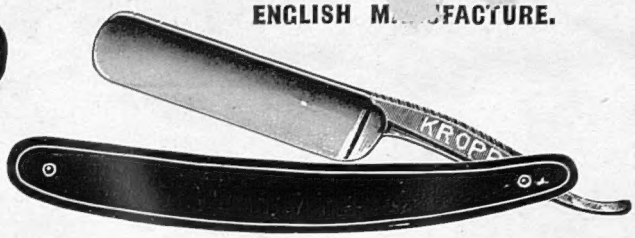

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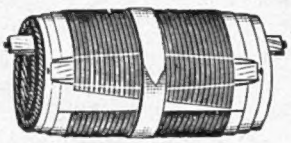

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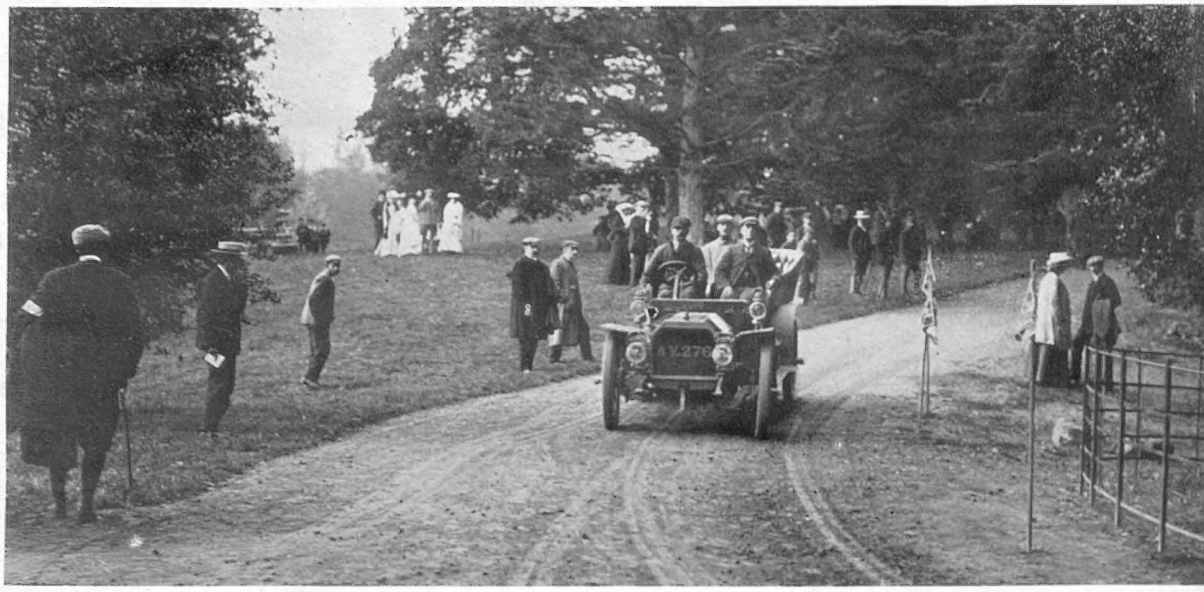

Hill-Climbing Competition for the Henry Edmund Trophy, near Flanhurst: 24 h.-p. Rochet-Schneider car (third)

the coming form of ignition, has, on the most up-to-date models, no advance—the rising and falling voltage of the spark automatically regulating the time of the explosion. On the car I have at present there is no gas-tap either, an automatic carburettor regulating its own air. The driver, in fact, has nothing to do but open or close the throttle.

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Theoretically, of course, it is right; there is no room for mistake, everything is automatic—the human element has been largely eliminated. But things automatic tend to become uninteresting. The automatic perfection that is now approaching may seriously diminish the pleasure that many motorists derive from being at the wheel. The next year or two will inevitably produce a practically perfect ca Nothing will be allowed to go wrong; there will positively nothing to do. The engine will sta itself, time its own spark to perfection, oil its without fear of any mistake, and regulate mixture correctly. There is already a device f making the motor pump up the tyres; if son inventor will arrange for the engine to repa punctures, correct skids, grind in valves, operate t brakes by compressed air, and indicate the presen of a police trap, the motor millennium will ha arrived. But this perfection will rob the wheel half its charm. It will be too easy; there will be scope for talent. Driving and sitting in the tonnea will be much the same thing.

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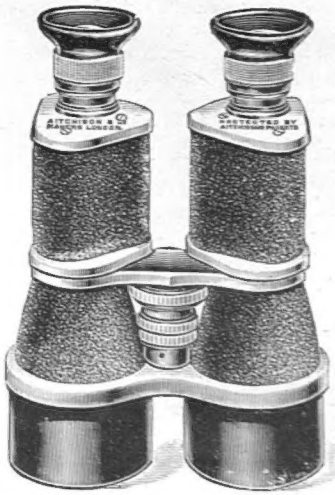

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How to Find a Flat

There are probably thousands of people in London to-day who are tramping all over the town in search of a furnished or unfurnished flat. Many of them are tired of studying the advertisement columns of the newspapers, as the flats advertisements are usually jumbled up in the most hopeless confusion, and the task of finding the flat you want is like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. When you think you have found a likely flat, and make inquiries about it, you generally discover that it is situated in exactly that part of London where you do not wish to reside. Admirable as house agents are, not even the leading ones will pretend they keep an absolutely complete register of every available flat to let, furnished or unfurnished. Many of our readers are probably aware of this at the present time, but they may not be also aware that, thanks to one of our contemporaries, a really reliable Guide to Flatland can now be obtained everywhere for the modest sum of one penny! It is the *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*. This paper publishes every day, in every edition, a whole page or more of advertisments of "Flats, Maisonettes, and Bachelors' Chambers To Let."

These advertisements are not jumbled up in the usual indiscriminate manner, but are carefully classified according to locality, and sub-divided under separate headings, as "Mayfair and St. James's," "Westminster and Victoria," "Maida Vale, St. John's Wood, and Hampstead," etc. The readers can thus see at a glance exactly what flats are available in the various districts, and can also make an easy comparison of the accommodation and the charges of the flats to let in any particular district This admirable system of advertising Flats to Let was adopted by our contemporary six months ago, and to judge from the enormous number of advertisements which flow into its Flats Columns every day, it is as popular with advertisers as with the general public. The *Evening Standard* has evidently become the recognised medium for this class of advertisement, and there is no doubt that the system of classification adopted by the paper is a thoroughly sound one. If any of our readers are in search of a furnished or unfurnished flat, we cannot advise them too strongly to get an *Evening Standard* and make a careful study of its Flats Page. They will save themselves an enormous amount of trouble and worry by so doing.

The Editor's Box

A Splendid Present for Boys

We have received from Messrs. Cassell the new volume of the ever-popular "Chums," in its bright red cover, with its slashing boy heroes on horse and afoot. The contents as usual are those which make a direct appeal to the healthy boy, who will, of course, imagine himself the hero of every one of the thousand odd daring exploits and hairbreadth escapes described and illustrated in this book, and will thus desire to emulate the heroes in their courage, their chivalry, and their wonderful resourcefulness. No better book than this for boys can be imagined, for the boy who cannot enjoy his "Chums" should have his hair put in curl-papers and be measured for a frock, for there is something wrong with him somewhere. "Chums" new volume is published at eight shillings, and as there is enough in it to keep a whole family of boys quiet, when indoors, the whole winter through, it seems very cheap at the price.

American Success of "The Walls of Jericho"

The American production of *The Walls of Jericho* took place at the Savoy Theatre, New York, on Monday, the 25th ult., and the following telegram has reached Mr. Bourchier: "*Walls of Jericho.* Great artistic and popular success."

A Handy Restaurant for Journalists

Over thirty years ago Messrs. Spiers and Pond opened their Ludgate Restaurant in the arches of the Ludgate Hill Station, New Bridge Street. It was the first time railway arches had been used for catering purposes, and the incident so impressed Charles Dickens that he wrote an article in *All the Year Round*, entitled "The Genii of the Cave." From 1866 to 1905 is a big jump, but following on their long connection with the vicinity the firm have opened a new restaurant, called "The Central Restaurant," in New Bridge Street, quite close to the site of the old restaurant mentioned by Dickens. The new place, being so close to Fleet Street and Paternoster Row, will no doubt be largely patronised by authors, journalists, and the members of the printing and publishing houses in the neighbourhood.

Some Striking Pictures at the Alhambra

In succession to the recent diversified set of "Urbanora" pictures at the Alhambra, Mr. Charles Urban has secured an entirely novel series, which he is now presenting. These pictures illustrate the building of a great British railway. It is no insignificant, small- line that the cinematographer his ject, but the great auge foundries of t-stock corporation in th the initial graving road-bed to the final mail taking in water eighty-five miles an hou of the railroad is fully shown. Sixty-ton locomotives are evolved from metal, timber logs are changed into railway carriages and placed upon the rails for service, practically before the eyes of the Alhambra audience.

An Apology

We have received the following correction from a correspondent, to whom we tender our most sincere apologies for the unintentional error:—

The Castle, Ballindalloch, N.B.,
Sept. 27, 1905.

SIR,—A few weeks ago there appeared in THE BYSTANDER a picture of Ballindalloch Castle, with the statement that it was let to Sir Ralph Blois. But this was not the case. A portion of the Ballindalloch moors was let to Sir Ralph Blois this season, but Ballindalloch Castle and the remainder of the shooting were not let to Sir Ralph, for Sir George Macpherson Grant and his family are residing there themselves, and never had any intention of letting it to anybody.—Yours faithfully,

F. G. MACPHERSON GRANT.

f Address

g, Jun. (Ltd.), Contractors, branch from